

The Sketch

No. 810.—Vol. LXIII.

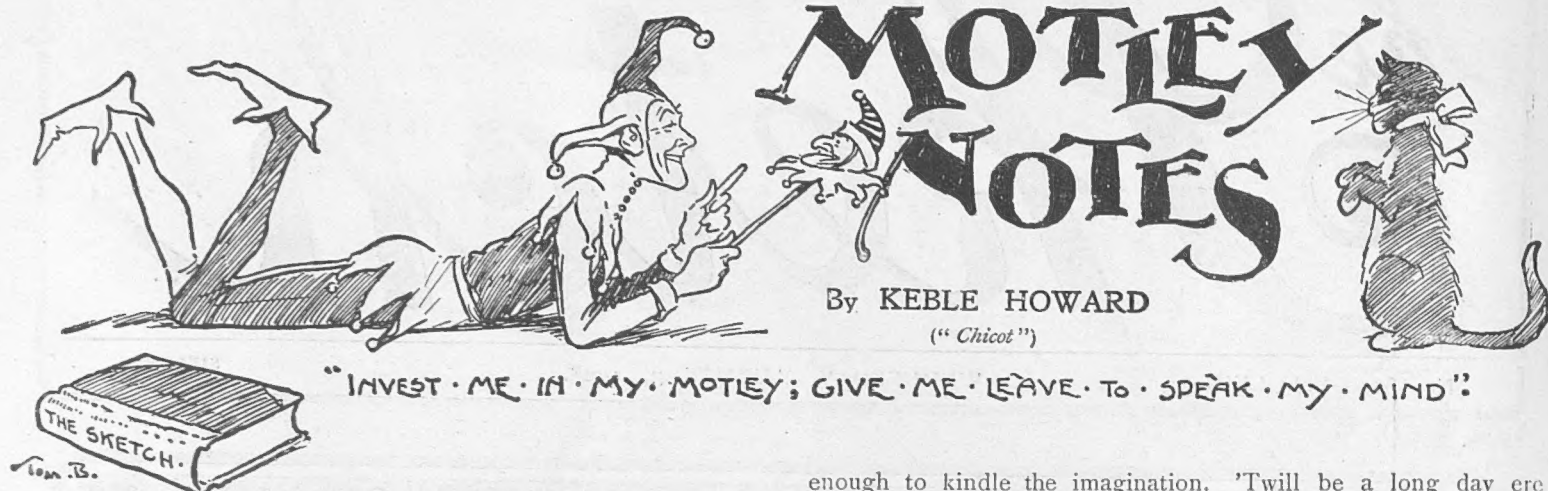
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



POOR MOSQUITOES! A MUSLIN MASK FOR WEAR WHEN GNATS DELIGHT TO BASK AND BITE.

Photograph of Miss Kitty Mason by the Dover Street Studios.



Grim, Bonnie
Dundee.

I find myself in Bonnie Dundee. The porter who took charge of me and of my luggage at six o'clock in the morning informed me that I had arrived in the nick of time. He said that this was Holiday Week in Dundee. I asked him whether that explained the array of set, sad faces on the platform, but his own face remained set and sad. It is quite the thing in Dundee to have a set, sad face—even in Holiday Week. Your heart may be light and your pocket may be full. You may be bursting with repressed humour. An you would retain the respect of your fellow-townfolk, see to it that you continue to repress that humour. Everybody knows, by this time, that the Scotch sense of humour is just as acute as that of the Irish or the English or the Welsh. But the Irish, the English, and the Welsh—puir wee things—smile when they are pleased and laugh when they are merry. In Dundee we scorn such weakness. Bubbling over with glee, we keep control of our features. Heaven forbid that our facial muscles should relax! Heaven forbid that we should shout, sing, or whistle! Shoulder to shoulder we stand—grave, stern, silent as the mountains that guard our beloved Tay. Up to the age of seven we may express our natural emotions in the usual manner. After that, if you please, impassivity.

All the Fun of
the Fair.

Mind you, we have our amusements. This week, of course, we are especially gay. We have a fair. To the right, you may take your seat on a platform that whirls round and round, rolling from side to side the while, for all the world like a ship in a heavy gale. We like that—but we would not let anyone know that we like it. Then we have, to the left, a gigantic swing-boat, which swings so high, now this way, now that, that we are netted in, lest some weaker brother should forget his whereabouts and plunge head first into the crowd below. In England, they tell us, the girls shriek when the boat swings them high into the air. Our girls, we are proud to say, do not shriek. They do not even murmur "Oh." They sit very still and very silent until the ride is quite over; then they descend to earth once more, and lead Archie in the direction of the travelling theatre. The travelling theatre is the centrepiece of the fair. Outside it, there is a mechanical orchestra, with funny little figures pretending to play the instruments. The conductor tickles us—inwardly. To and fro, upon the platform in front of the mechanical orchestra, struts a little gentleman with a large cigar. The little gentleman is funny too, but we are content to stare at him, as grandmother did at his predecessor, with set faces.

Ships on the
Tideway.

It was raining when I went down to the fair. The crowd stood twenty, thirty, forty deep in front of the travelling theatre. Some of the men had small sons upon their shoulders. Before us, behind us, and on either side of us, the tall, flat, Scottish houses, grey and sombre, stared down grimly upon the lamplit faces. Through a gap to the right, one could see the masts of ships at anchor in the Tay. The mechanical orchestra blared, and a boy, directed by the little man with the large cigar, displayed a card which told us that the show was "JUST COMMENCING." The tent must have been very full. I wanted, badly, to take my chance with the rest and see the show, but there was something too fascinating in the silent crowd, and the rain, and the blaring trumpets, and the glimpse of the ships away there in the dark night—

City of Commerce by the deep swift tide,
That sends her peaceful navies round the world
To bring home treasure for her toiling sons.

Maybe these were merely the masts of pleasure craft, but they were

The Teetotal
City.

Dundee, as you are probably aware, is a teetotal city. The porter at the station begged me to try a temperance hotel. I found, indeed, that the temperance hotel in question was a very imposing building, highly thought of in Dundee. I did not stay there, but I went there for lunch. I found many of the Dundee business-men lunching at the temperance hotel. They sat at little tables in a lounge, drank tea or coffee, and ate innumerable little cakes with yellow or pink sugar on them. Never before have I seen grown men take so ravenously to sugared cakes, and never before have I seen civilised beings sipping afternoon tea at one o'clock in the day. They were not smiling. This did not surprise me. When you have been twenty-four hours in Dundee you would be rather startled if you saw anybody smiling. But it did surprise me, I confess, that the leaders of thought and commerce should lunch off sugared cakes and little cups of tea. The younger and more rackety ones, I suppose, were having a ginger-beer orgie somewhere round the corner.

"Lost Boy."

In the afternoon, of course, I went to Carnoustie. Carnoustie is to Dundee and the neighbouring towns what Coney Island is to New York and South Shore to Blackpool. Here you have miles of sand, plenty of side-shows, plenty of organs, and plenty of people. Being so near to Dundee, it is not the thing to smile at Carnoustie. With two exceptions, the crowd was sad, silent, and, outwardly, forbidding. The first exception was a small boy who had finished his tea. A chubby little fellow of three or four, he had somewhere mastered the difficult feat of turning head over heels. This trick he performed several times in the teeth of passive opposition. His parents pretended not to notice what he was doing; the backs of their heads swelled with pride, but their features remained unconscious and unsmiling. Fanned by my grins, the boy somersaulted on. The other exception was an even smaller boy, whose parents had mislaid him. I found him sitting in a sort of pound, extemporised by the police, and over his head was this notice, written in chalk upon a blackboard—"LOST BOY." Dismayed? Not he! Surrounded by a staring, unsmiling crowd, the little chap chuckled and grinned like an Irishman. "Ay," said somebody, "he's Scotch." I had my doubts.

"The Doctor's
Secret."

One of the local papers, the name of which has been known to me for years, came out with a capital holiday yarn, called "The Doctor's Secret." The heroine of this story was a girl named Polly. She was a good-hearted girl, but "thin, sallow, and deaf as an adder." One of her sisters was very ill, and a young doctor was attending her. The young doctor, pitying Polly, took her out for a drive. Polly's deafness was rather awkward. "So shy and tongue-tied was Polly that the doctor had not the courage to shout platitudes to her in this exquisite stillness of natural things." When, at last, he did make a remark, she thought he was asking her to marry him, and promptly accepted him. The young doctor, very distressed, went home to his old mother and told her all about it. "He put his head against her gentle hand and actually wept. His mother wept also in sympathy. 'But—but you don't positively dislike this poor, deaf girl, do you, my son?' 'Oh, no,' the young man said; 'I don't dislike her.' And he sighed despairingly." Well, rather than wound the girl's feelings by telling her that she had made a slight mistake, the young doctor married her. With the result that "Polly, the stupid, the silent, the awkward, blossomed forth into marvellous prettiness and vivacity." In short, a' was richt.

"GOOD OLD BOB" AND HIS ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS.

MR. J. B. JOEL.

MR. CHARLES MILLS.



SIR EDWARD CARSON.



MR. RUFUS ISAACS.

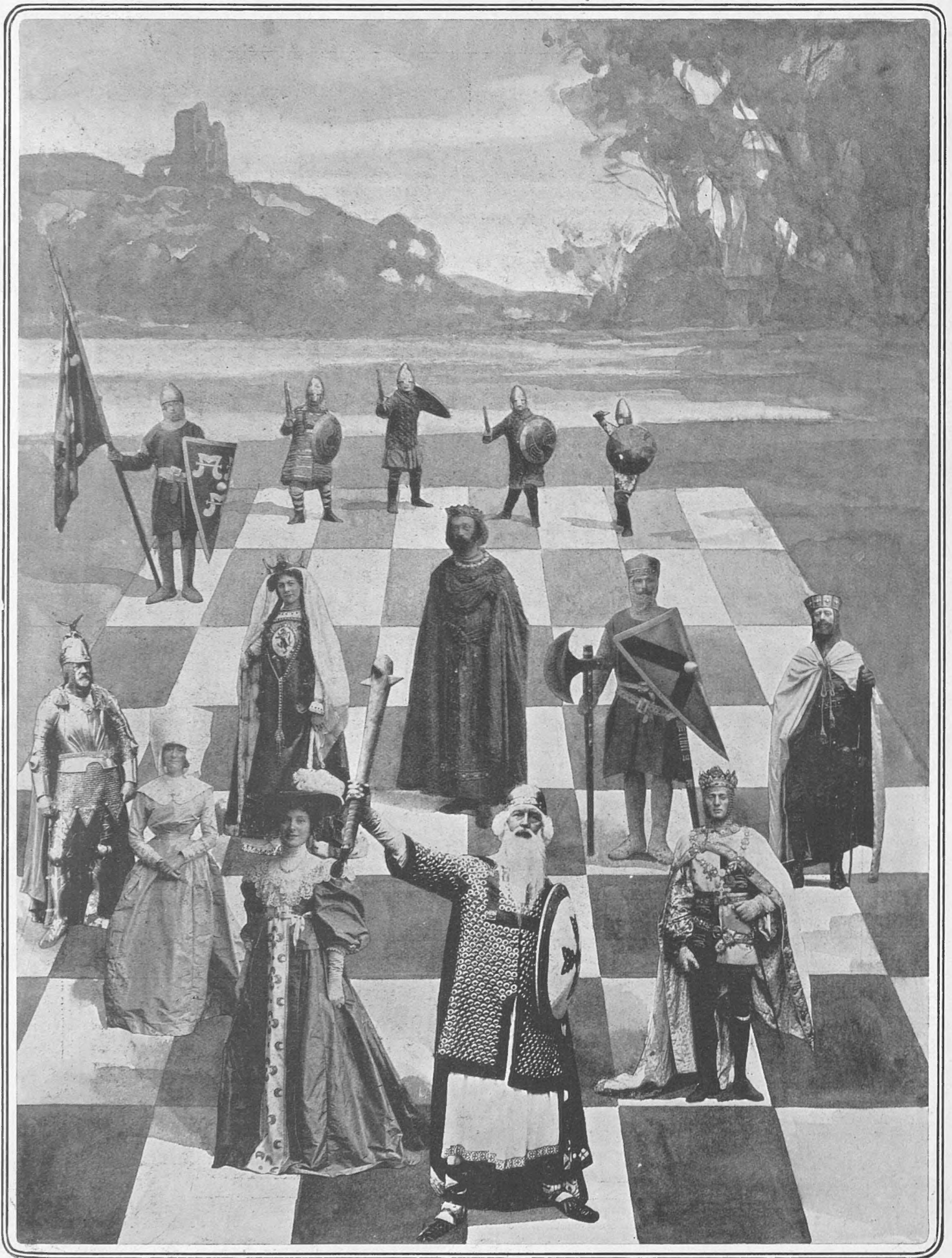
"BOB" CHEERS UP: THE DEFENDANT (X) IN THE GREAT SIEVIER TRIAL ENTERING HIS CAB AT THE OLD BAILEY.

Mr. Sievier was charged with threatening to publish libellous and defamatory matter concerning Mr. J. B. Joel, for the purpose of extorting money, and with promising to abstain from printing and publishing such matter, with the same object, stood his trial at the Old Bailey, and was acquitted. A great deal of public sympathy was shown towards him during the four-days' trial, and he was greeted as "Good Old Bob" and with "Cheer up, Bob," by a large crowd every time he entered or left the Court. There was also considerable cheering in Court when the verdict was announced, a demonstration the Lord Chief Justice characterised as "a very disgraceful exhibition."

The photograph shows Mr. Sievier going to lunch during his trial.

Photograph of the crowd by Halfstones; of Sir Edward Carson by Elliott and Fry; and of Mr. Rufus Isaacs by Elliott and Fry.

PAWNS IN THE GAME OF LIFE: DOVER SHOWS THE MOVES IN HER HISTORY—THE PAGEANT OF THE "KEY OF ENGLAND'S OCEAN GATE."



1. A KNIGHT OF KING JOHN. 2, 3, 4, and 5. NORMAN SOLDIERS.
6. THE REV. CANON BARTRAM AS KING ARTHUR.
7. THE COUNTESS OF GUILFORD AS QUEEN ELEANOR.
8. MR. F. HAYWARD AS KING JOHN.
9. A KNIGHT OF KING JOHN.

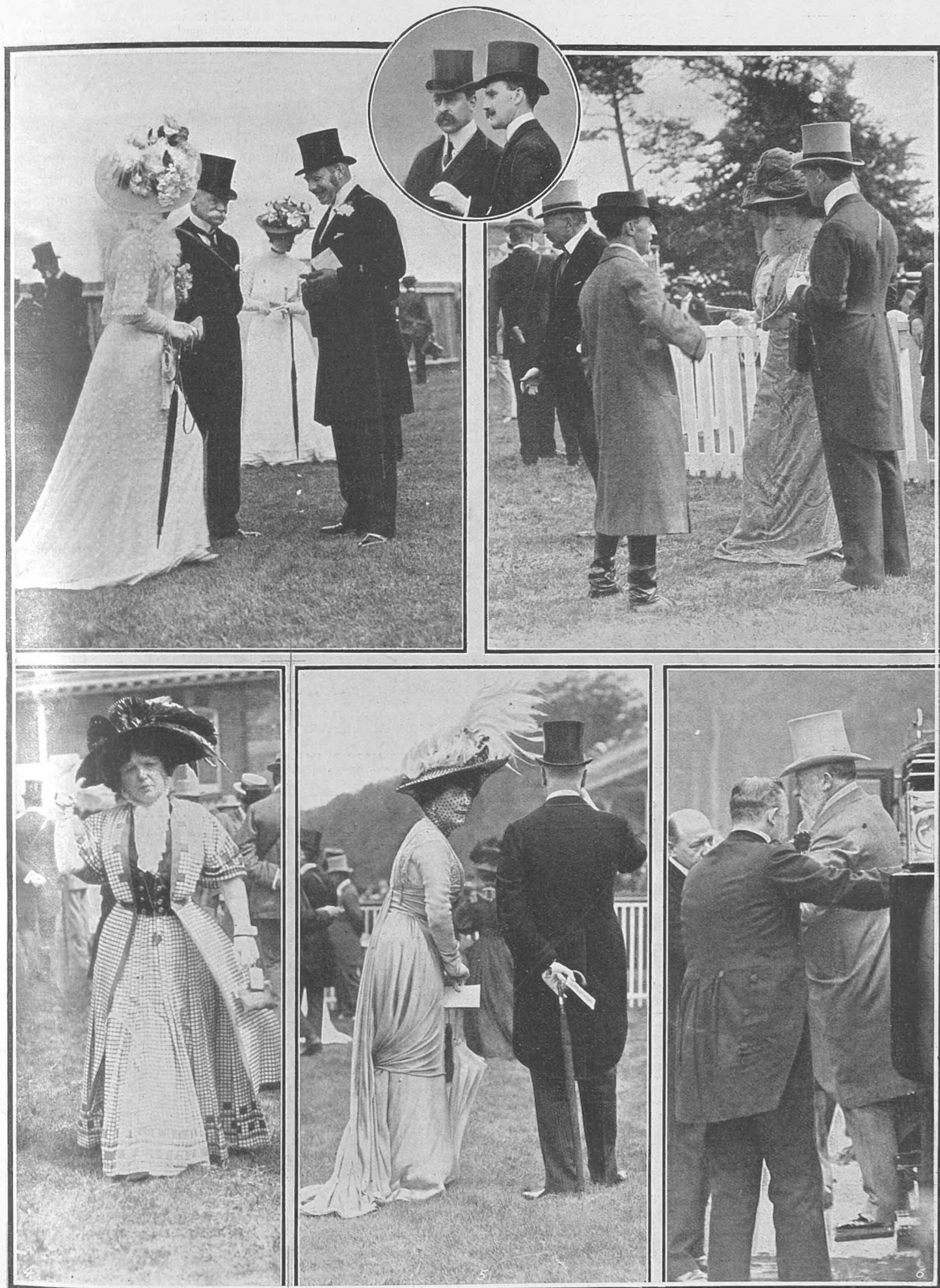
10. THE EARL OF GUILFORD AS EDWARD I.
11. MRS. CARSON AS THE MAYORESS OF DOVER (1520).
12. MRS. ATKINS AS MISTRESS UNDERDOWN (1625).
13. DR. IAN HOWDEN AS STIGAND, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
14. MR. FRENCH BLAKE AS HENRY V.

Dover, "the key of England's ocean gate," has been illustrating its history by producing a pageant that was well worthy of it. In all, seven episodes were presented. The first bore the title "King Arthur"; then followed "William the Conqueror," "King John," "Edward I.," "Henry V.," "Henry VIII.," and "Charles I." The numbers begin at the last row, and read from left to right.

Photographs by Charles S. Harris.

ALL THE WORLD AT GOODWOOD.

CELEBRITIES ON THE COURSE.



1. MR. SOLLY JOEL (ON LEFT).
2. LADY HELEN GORDON-LENNOX, THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, AND LORD LONSDALE.
3. LADY DE BATHE (MRS. LANGTRY) AND LORD DALMENY.
4. MISS MARIE LLOYD.
5. THE HON. MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.
6. THE KING.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-two (from April 15 to July 8, 1908) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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Aug. 5, 1908.

Signature

SMALL TALK



A BRILLIANT
DEAF AND DUMB

SCIENTIST: MR. N. G. MADDISON.

Mr. Maddison, who has been deaf and dumb from birth, achieved a wonderful success the other day by passing a stiff final in Organic Chemistry at the Royal College of Science. He is the first deaf mute to win such a distinction.—[*Photograph by Miniatures.*]

which help him to laugh away the gloomy thoughts to which recollection of the event gives rise. He finds in the confusion of the Press at that time the enjoyment rightly belonging to an old journalistic hand. As such he may be described, for it is an open secret that his Majesty contributed materially to the *Times* obituary of Queen Victoria. Naturally, then, he cannot but see the fun of the prophecies uttered before the prophets knew. And certain of those that had gone to press and could not be stopped have honoured positions in the royal portfolios.

When Greek Meets Greek. It was a little piquant that two of the best-known men in the Jewish world, in Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Mr. J. B. Joel, should cross swords in last week's cause célèbre.

WE celebrate this week the sixth anniversary of the King's Coronation. "Will my people ever forgive me?" were, the Earl of Warwick had it on good authority, the first words his Majesty uttered on recovering consciousness after the operation which delayed the ceremony as originally fixed. He has now no reason to doubt. In no sycophantic spirit he is acclaimed the King of Peacemakers. He can well afford to forget the nightmare time of the crisis, but it is said that he preserves mementos

angry; not so the member for Reading. He is always ready to help them with a name or a date. His client may tremble at this complaisance, but Mr. Isaacs gets at least twenty shillings for every pound he concedes. The interest on his expenditure of this sort the juries pay him.

Crom Castle's
Amazon's

As the Post-master-General is looking out for events to increase the revenue of his department, he should bless to-day, Lady Erne's birthday, for the substantial addition

THE "BOSS"
OF
LONDON'S

BIGGEST SHOP: MR. SELFIDGE.

Mr. Selfridge will be the "boss" of the biggest shop in London, which is now being erected upon a site which covers over an acre. The floor-space of the building will measure more than eight acres, and there will be six storeys above the level of the street, and three below it.

Photograph by Vandyk.



IN A TOILET SALOON FOR DOGS: A LADY'S PET HAS ITS
TEETH BRUSHED.

Fashionable London now boasts a toilet saloon for dogs. There, in an elaborately fitted room, a lady's pet can have its coat brushed and scented, and its teeth cleaned.—[*Photograph by Press Photographic.*]

Mr. Joel has dropped the name which, plus a terminal "s," is the patronymic to which his cross-examiner is daily adding lustre in the legal world. The duel between the two was among the most interesting events of the trial. In Mr. Isaacs we have one of the most successful cross-examiners since Russell of Killowen was at the Bar; while his compatriot showed a command of the monosyllabic answer such as counsel love their clients to have. The point in which Mr. Isaacs has a pull over his great Irish prototype is in suavity. Russell, in the course of a case, was morose, fierce; Mr. Isaacs has the most charming manner at the Bar. Nothing ruffles him. Counsel on the other side may be

Savage Club by Sir William Treloar, is himself a Savage, and is President of the Society of Miniaturists, which he founded. He is a Liverpool man, and was born in 1861. He studied his art in his native place, at Heatherley's, in Antwerp and in Paris; and is now occupied chiefly with portraiture, although he has also exhibited subject pictures, notably "Father, I Have Sinned" and "A Favourite of the Sultan." Some ten years ago he painted a life-size portrait of Li Hung Chang. Lately he has had among his sitters Lord Alverstone and the Lord Chamberlain. The portrait of himself which is here reproduced he exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.



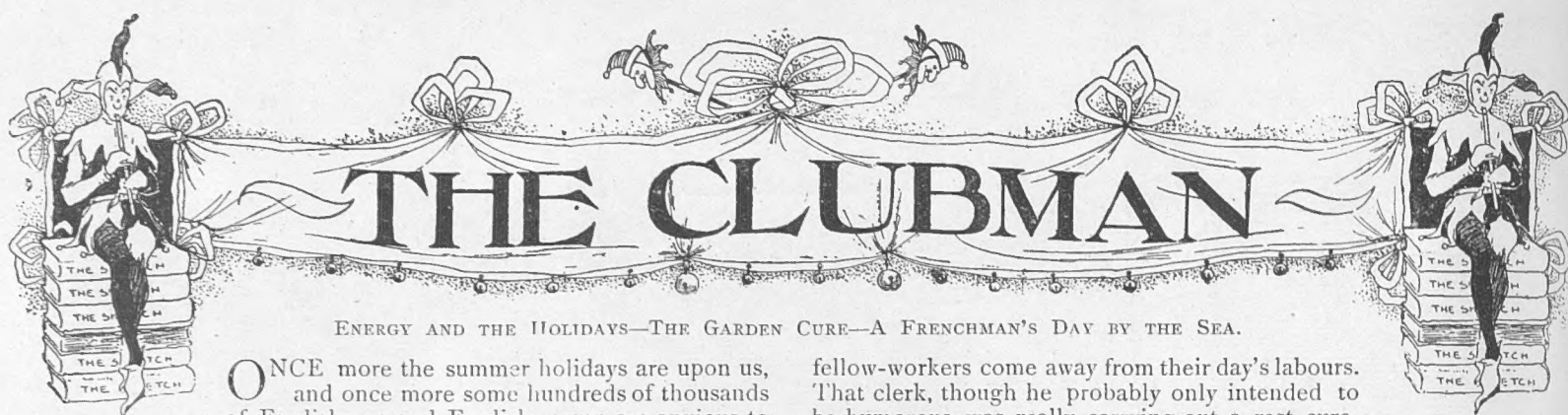
IN A TOILET SALOON FOR DOGS:
SCENTING A PET'S HAIR.

Photograph by Press Photographic.



THE ARTIST, BY HIMSELF: MR. ALFRED
PRAGA.

From the painting by Alfred Praga.



ENERGY AND THE HOLIDAYS—THE GARDEN CURE—A FRENCHMAN'S DAY BY THE SEA.

ONCE more the summer holidays are upon us, and once more some hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen are anxious to get all the enjoyment possible out of the week or month or fortnight they allow themselves to be away from work. An attempt to do too much is our besetting sin at this time of the year. I crossed the Channel last week in company with a little group of men, all of whom had knapsacks and mountain-axes and kept a careful eye on a coil of rope. They were masters from one of the great Public Schools, and were in as good training as cricket could put them into, but they anticipated starting at once on one of the most trying of Alpine ascents, and one or two of them looked as though they were not fit for such tremendous exertion.

The school doctor is likely to have some of those young masters under his care with overstrained hearts at the close of the holidays. All the doctors lift up their voices at this time of the year, and warn men who are not in the best condition not to plunge too suddenly into violent exercise, not to cycle enormous distances, nor start at once on trying climbs, nor to walk themselves dead tired; but it is part of our insular conceit to believe that, being true Britons, we can do with impunity what our doctors tell us not to do. The doctors, however, have the laugh of us in the form of a sheet of notepaper headed "Medical attendance," sent in at Christmas-time.

There is a tale told of a clerk who could not afford to go to the mountains or the seaside for his holiday, but determined to enjoy it all the same. One of his friends owned a house and garden close to the clerk's place of business. Every morning at the time the clerk usually went to work he repaired to this garden, clothed in the loosest of flannels, and lay in a long cane chair smoking a pipe until all his fellow-clerks had gone on duty. Then he strolled homewards to lunch, returning to the garden in time to see all his

fellow-workers come away from their day's labours. That clerk, though he probably only intended to be humorous, was really carrying out a rest cure.

I have been watching at a little French seaside bathing town the families of our friends across the Channel enjoying their holidays.

The ambition of the Frenchman who goes to the seaside is to come back from it burned like a red Indian, and with all his family looking like gypsies. At six he is out in the verandah playing with his children. At half-past six he goes shrimping in a bathing-dress, and returns an hour later for his early breakfast, which he takes in the verandah. He then, still in his bathing-dress, but having donned a blue-and-white dressing-gown and sandals, runs behind the children when they go for a donkey-ride. At 10 a.m. he bathes before the eyes of his admiring family, who sit on the sand and watch him swim. He runs races with the children until he is dry, and then retires to the chalet to change into ducks and a Panama hat. At noon he goes to the café for his glass of vermouth and a chat with other energetic people. At half-past twelve he breakfasts, generally in the verandah.

Immediately after breakfast he goes with a friend for a motor-drive, returning in an hour's time to superintend the making of sand-castles by the children. At four o'clock the newspapers from Paris arrive, and he allows himself the one quiet half-hour of the day to read his favourite journal. At 4.30 he either looks on at lawn-tennis being played or changes into flannels and plays for an hour. At half-past five he takes the children to see the Guignol Theatre, and afterwards for a walk. At 6.30 the hour of absinthe has come. At 7.30 he dines, having changed either into "tenue de ville" or "smoking," and he finishes his day at the casino listening to a concert, or in the theatre, with an occasional five minutes at the petits-chevaux table, or in the club privé, staking five-franc pieces at baccarat.



PUTTING THE MEDIUM TO SLEEP.



ASKING THE HYPNOTISED SUBJECT A QUESTION.

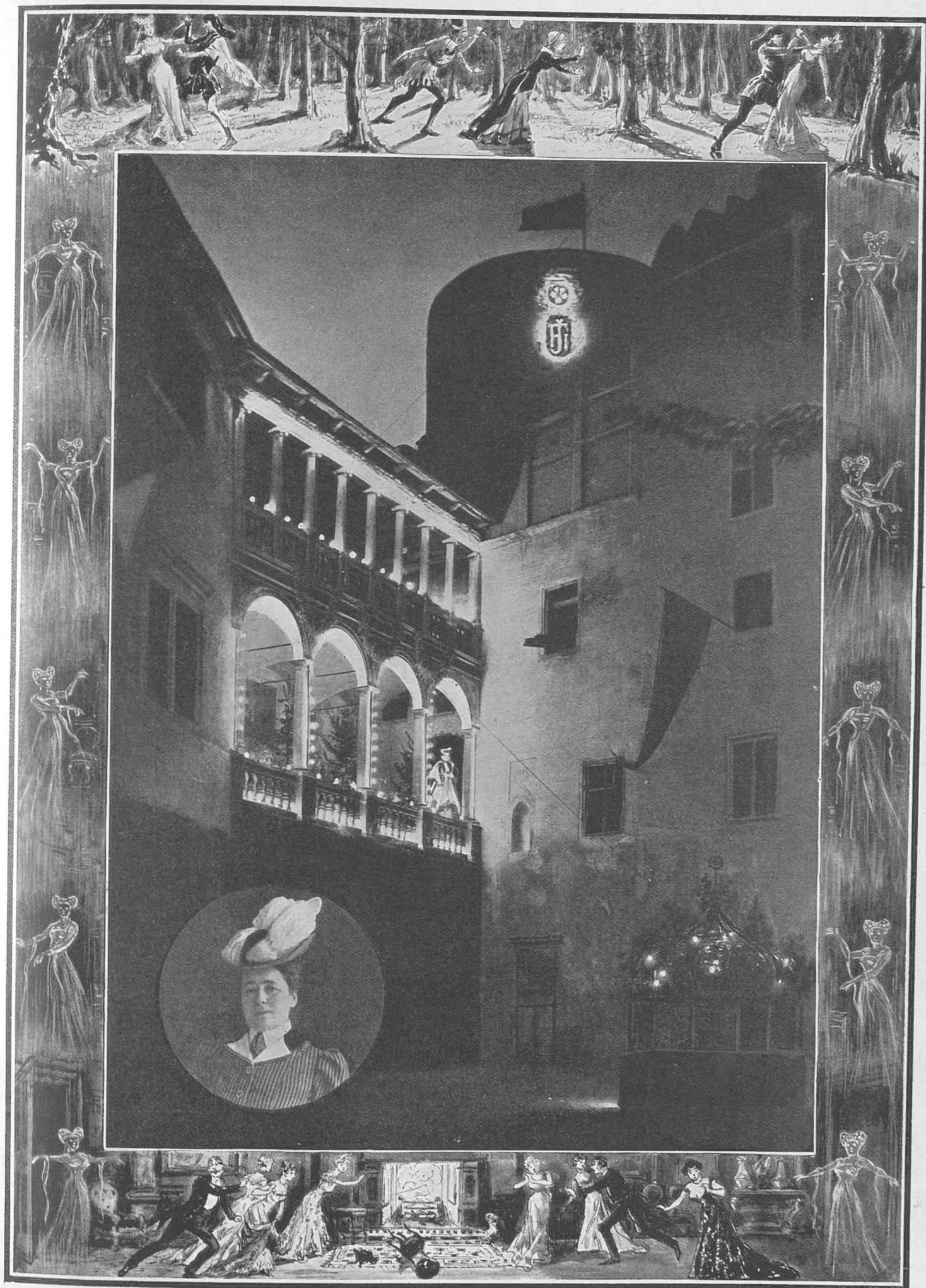


"WILLING" AN ANSWER TO A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

THE ZANCIGS OF THE PAVEMENT: A STREET HYPNOTIST AT WORK IN PARIS.

The street life of Paris is the richer by a hypnotist and a medium, the latter the wife of the former. The pair take up their stand, set down their properties (the chair and table shown), so attract a crowd, and then begin their work. They claim that their performance is not the result of tricks, but a display of genuine hypnotism. The medium answers various questions put to her, names persons, gives dates, and so forth. Anyone wishing to ask a question can have it answered for a fee of twenty-five centimes.—[Photographs by Delius.]

FÊTING A GHOST: HOMAGE TO THE WHITE WOMAN OF NEUHAUS.



COUNTESS FRANZISKA CZERNIN-SCHÖNBURG.

A GHOST MADE TO WALK THAT IT MIGHT BE GREETED BY PATRONS OF A BAZAAR.

In company with many of the towns, villages, and cities of Bohemia, Neuhaus has been rejoicing officially in the Diamond Jubilee of the Emperor and King. One of the methods of celebration adopted in this town was the holding of a bazaar under the patronage of Countess Franziska Czernin-Schönburg for the charity, "Vincentinum." This was held in the Castle, and its most novel feature was the illumination of the small arcades in the third Castle square, and the showing of the figure of the white woman, who, according to legend, once lived there, and now walks there. The incident was called "Homage to the White Woman." The figure may be seen under the fourth arch of the balcony.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

THE DEAD SEASON.

THE season is dead, and one might add another word beginning with a "D" that is often used in connection with the word dead. It has been a rather unlucky season: some allege that the term disastrous might well be employed. There were a few big successes, balanced by some colossal failures, with a kind of in-between of moderately remunerative and decidedly unremunerative works. A somewhat Maugham-ful season, the chief "hit" of which, if one looks only at the novelties, has been "Lady Frederick," which, apparently, has "an oath, an oath in heaven" that it will enjoy an innings in every important theatre of the Metropolis. Still, the triumphs of Mr. Maugham are in respect of work to which the most sanguine can hardly attach the journalistic term "epoch-making." By-the-bye, I have received a letter stating that his first and best play, "A Man of Honour," is going to be revived. The real feature of the season has been the number of its foreign incursions. There was a brilliant conclusion in the remarkable month of Isadora Duncan, an American dancer of genius, who may have worked a revolution by her admirable and entirely sincere artistic efforts to revive Greek dancing. In addition we had all London raving about Signora Mimi Aguglia and Signor Grasso, absolute antipodes to Isadora Duncan, who staggered the phlegmatic Londoners by their fierce, vivid acting. One may also name our sup of horrors offered by the Grand Guignol Company, whose efforts to harrow up our souls and freeze our young blood were not altogether successful, for we were not very much harrowed and our blood remained about normal.



A FAIR FRIEND OF "THE MERRY WIDOW": MISS O'BRIEN.

Photograph by Bassano.

There were other foreign ventures—for instance, a short season of the admirable Bartet, a fortnight of Madame Suzanne Desprez, and a whole month of the great Coquelin, but these were not exactly staggering novelties, though all three performers were much admired.

Our native drama has been a little in the shade. Of the adaptations the most successful was "The Thief," at the St. James's, which enjoyed 186 performances. I have a great prejudice against the plays of M. Henri Bernstein, and do not pretend to admire such Society melodramas as "The Thief," even when they are played admirably. Still, it must be admitted that

he has a remarkable gift for building up effective scenes and strong acting parts. One of the successful theatres has been the Kingsway, where two plays have carried the theatre very well throughout the season—one having been presented 140 times and the other 141. Each introduced a new dramatist of very considerable talent, and everybody is glad that the courage of Miss Lena Ashwell has been well rewarded. Moreover, her acting has shown a valuable advance in the direction of reticence and consistency. I should have mentioned that the one play was written by Mr. Wharton and the other by Miss Cicely Hamilton. It has been rather a year for the lady dramatists, since, in addition to "Diana of Dobson's," eight other three or four-deckers written by the ladies have reached the footlights, whilst members of the Suffragette sex were part-authors of four pieces—"Fiander's Widow," "Barry Doyle's Rest Cure," "Simple Simon," and "Fido."

One feature of the season has been the number of adaptations from novels, and without shedding a tear, I can record the fact that as a group they enjoyed little success. "The Beloved Vagabond" apparently ran best, without running very well. The American dramatists have had their fling. "Mrs. Wiggs" has seen many audiences, and "A White Man" had a big success, though rather less than was expected at first, since it had a successor during the season; perhaps this was due to arrangements made in advance, which cut its career short. "The Thunderbolt," even if not Mr. Pinero at quite his best, was an admirable play, and may be called a success. One welcomes the fact that a piece of such quality has pleased the public, though some of the critics complained that it was "sordid," a term the pertinence of which I fail to see. Our leading dramatists, on the whole, were not very well represented. Mr. H. A. Jones's play, "The Hypocrites," despite a triumph in America, had little more than a *succès d'estime* at the Hicks Theatre, partly, I fancy, because of some weak spots in the acting. The two pieces of Mr. Esmond, "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The O'Grindles," enjoyed only a moderate degree of success. Mr. Barrie was silent. "The Mollusc," by Mr. H. H. Davies, is quite triumphant. Mr. Sydney Grundy had less than his customary run, and so, too, Mr. Carton; Mr. Haddon Chambers was unrepresented; Mr. Binyon's play, "Attila," was much admired, but did not crowd His Majesty's; and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche were unlucky with Mr. Frank Stayton's piece. Concerning the acting, the musical comedies, the revivals, and the so-called non-commercial drama, I have not space to write this week: I fear that it cannot be honestly asserted that they quite turned the scale, though there have been some unconventional English dramas of quite exceptional quality, and we have seen a good deal of admirable acting.



PERFORMER OF "THE DANCE OF THE WINES":
FRÄULEIN GUDRUN HILDEBRANDT.

Fräulein Hildebrandt, who is discussing arrangements for a visit to England, is now touring Switzerland, where she is giving her new creation, "The Dance of the Wines." She is sixteen, and began her professional career when she was four, at the Royal Theatre, Berlin. The Kaiser has accepted her portrait.

THE MISSES MIDINETTE IN THEIR 190-H.P. MOTOR;
AND AN ELEPHANT AS AN ACTRESS' PET.



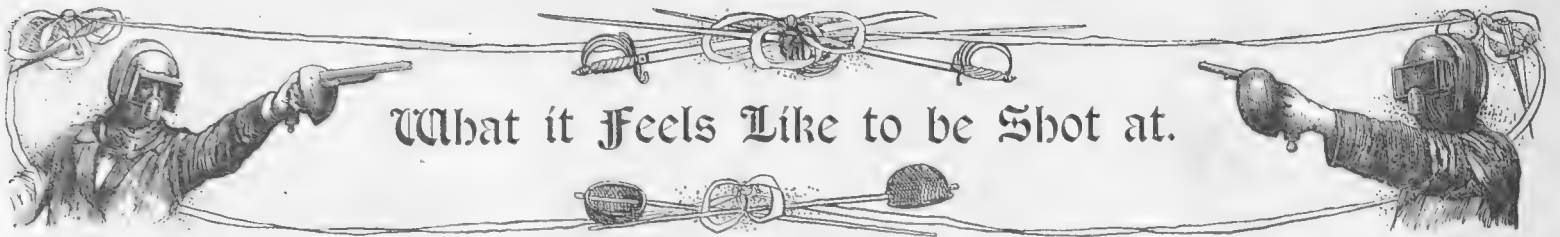
HIRING A CAR FOR A PENNY: TWO FAIR PARISIANS GO "MOTORING," AND ARE PHOTOGRAPHED—TO PROVE IT

The photograph was taken in the Champs Elysées, and shows two fair midinettes of Paris being photographed with a painted motor-car before them, in such a manner that the print from the resulting negative will seem to represent them seated in a real car.—[Photograph by Delius.]



BOTH TICKLED: MISS EVIE GREENE PETS A BABY ELEPHANT, TO THE AMUSEMENT OF BOTH.

A baby elephant was one of the attractions at Lord Michelham's Garden Party to the Olympic competitors, held at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, and proved a great favourite. Miss Evie Greene found him particularly amusing.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



What it Feels Like to be Shot at.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WALTER WINANS, WINNER OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP FOR DOUBLE SHOTS AT THE RUNNING DEER, OLYMPIC GAMES.

ASKED by a representative of *The Sketch* what were his sensations when he first faced his adversary in the duelling with wax bullets in the White City, Mr. Winans said: "Anyone used to shooting dangerous game and driving in trotting competitions does not notice the amount of danger in these pistol competitions. In fact, one's whole attention is concentrated in doing one's best to win, and in consequence everything else is unnoticed.

"There is, however, a very real danger in this wax, or rather composition-bullet, shooting at each other.

"When I first tried it, several years ago, I shot out the soft piece of flesh connecting the thumb and forefinger of the right hand of M. Gustave Voulquin, the well-known French sporting writer; and he tells me it still pains him when he has a lot of writing to do.

"I should most strongly advise that only experts should be allowed to use them (the wax bullets), as a dangerous, or even fatal, accident would most easily arise.

"The bullet is driven by the fulminate of a cap, which, as all shooting men know, is a variable force, and one *may* get a strong enough discharge, as I did in the case of M. Voulquin, to do serious injury. In the competition named above, I myself had several nasty blows, one causing a slight flesh-wound in my right forearm. Also spectators might lose their eyes by a stray or ricochet bullet.

"The great danger; however, is that a cartridge loaded with a *lead bullet* and *powder* charge may get mixed amongst the ammunition.

"One hears of

soldiers being shot in sham-fights from this cause; and in the case of wax bullets this danger is greater, as it is not a case of distinguishing between an unbulleted and a bulleted cartridge, but both cartridges have bullets just alike, and it puzzles even an expert to tell the deadly from the comparatively harmless bullet. Of course, a man would be killed, or, if missed, even people beyond might be killed if this mistake in cartridges were made, and I do not think a coroner's jury would let the shooters off very easily, bearing the above facts in mind.

"As to wax-bullet shooting being good practice for duelling?

"As a believer in the duel (I do not, of course, refer to two men seeking notoriety and missing each other on purpose or through lack of skill), I think there is not enough accuracy in the wax-bullet for it to be much practice, although, of course, it accustoms a man to standing up before another; but this latter can be best learnt by boxing, which teaches a man to stand punishment.

"The iron 'man' target, shot at with real duelling-pistol and charge, is the only real way to learn to hit your man instantly and accurately.

"Duelling is a necessary evil, like war; the invariable politeness noticed on the Continent is the result of duelling being allowed, as a man thinks twice before being rude if he thinks he will have to face a sword or pistol in consequence.

"And Continental nations cannot understand the salving properties of money damages," added Mr. Winans, with a smile.



A BELIEVER IN THE DUEL: MR. WALTER WINANS, THE GREAT REVOLVER SHOT.

Mr. Winans, who won the World's Championship for Double Shots at the Running Deer at the Olympic Games, is a firm believer in the virtues of the duel with real bullets. He does not greatly value the practice given by the firing of wax bullets.—[Photograph by Fry.]



AN ATTITUDE THAT MAKES FOR POLITENESS: MR. WINANS POSING FOR "THE SKETCH."

Mr. Winans argues that the duel makes for politeness, and that the urbanity of the dweller in countries where duelling is recognised is often due to that person's knowledge that rudeness may result in his being called out.—[Photograph by Fry.]

TAKE OUR ADVICE : DON'T DROWN.



SAFE, IF INELEGANT: THE PROPER WAY TO CHANGE SEATS IN A BOAT.



UNSAFE, IF PLEASING: A DANGEROUS WAY TO CHANGE SEATS IN A BOAT.



THE RESULT OF INCAUTIOUS MOVEMENT: UPSET.



THE RESULT OF INCAUTIOUS MOVEMENT: VERY MUCH UPSET.



THE ABSURD WAY OF SEEKING TO RE-ENTER THE BOAT—ALL ON ONE SIDE.



THE SENSIBLE WAY OF GOING ABOARD—CLIMBING IN OVER THE STERN.

With the river season in full swing, it may be well to re-echo an old warning, and advise the amateur oar to exercise the greatest care in changing his seat in a boat. The small rowing-boat is easily upset, and an incautious movement may turn everybody into the water, to their discomfort if not to their danger.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



MISS LYDIA SASSOON,
Whose Marriage with Mr. Gustave Weisweiler
was arranged for yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Lafayette.

M. GUSTAVE WEISWEILER,
Whose Marriage with Miss Lydia Sassoon was
arranged for yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Lafayette.

in Cowes Roads include various new types of battle-ships—a fact of extreme interest not only to the Sovereign and his heir, but also to Queen Alexandra, who has a remarkable knowledge of the British Navy. The principal yachting hostess is H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is the only lady member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. It is a curious fact that the Prince of Wales, though an honorary member since 1892, only took up his active membership this year as owner of the ketch *Corisande*.

A Synagogue Wedding.

Many noteworthy guests were invited to attend at the West End Synagogue, Upper Berkeley Street, yesterday (4th), the day fixed for the marriage of Miss Lydia Sassoon, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sassoon, and M. Gustave Weisweiler, the younger son of M. and Mme. David Weisweiler, of Vienna. The Sassoons have now been for long years almost as important both in general and in Jewish society as are the

BOTH from the point of view of yachtsmen and of Society, there has rarely, if ever, been as brilliant a Cowes Week as that which is now being graced by the presence of both the King and Queen. Very special preparations have been made in order that the Prince of Wales may receive a rousing naval welcome on his return from Quebec, and the men-of-war now moored

his fiancée, Miss Kathleen Lloyd Bruce, is a daughter of a Canon of the Church of England. Even the most gallant Suffragette might tremble at the thought of taking part in such an expedition as that of the *Discovery*, and it will be interesting to see if Captain Scott, when undertaking another great voyage of the sort, chooses to follow the example of Peary, who took his wife with

him, or that of Nansen, who left his behind. The famous explorer is a keen athlete, as well as a good bridge-player, and when in the Arctic regions he and his devoted crew went in for every kind of ice and snow sport, including what he humorously styled floe-football. Miss Lloyd Bruce is a fine sculptor, and has exhibited both at the Salon and Royal Academy.

Royal Foresight.

Could she have foreseen that Friedrichshof would become the meeting-place of King Edward and the German Emperor, the late Empress Frederick would have experienced an added sense of satisfaction in bestowing the estate upon her youngest daughter. Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse-Cassel, who is to be the King's hostess when he meets the German Emperor—as was the case also two years ago—is the Emperor's youngest sister, and the image of what her mother was at her age. In marrying Prince Charles of Hesse-Cassel she wedded riches. Her prudent mother saw that this would enable her to maintain Friedrichshof, and



Photograph by Thomson.

THE COMMANDER OF THE "DISCOVERY" EXPEDITION
TO MARRY: CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, WHO IS ENGAGED
TO MISS KATHLEEN LLOYD BRUCE.

Rothschilds, and several members of the family are on terms of close intimate friendship with our royal family. Inelecting to have a quiet wedding in Bank Holiday week, Miss Sassoon followed the example of her sister, who last year became Mrs. Humphreys Owen.

Captain Scott's Engagement.

Captain R. F. Scott, the brilliant commander of the Antarctic Expedition, which aroused so much enthusiasm both at home and abroad, is about to join the Benedicks, and he has chosen his bride from out of what is perhaps the quietest and safest profession in the world, for

left it to her in preference to her elder sisters, to whom the estate would have been a heavy burden. Both she and her husband are favourites of the royal family, to whom, by the way, the Prince is trebly related. He is cousin to Queen Alexandra and to the Duchess of Connaught, and by his marriage, of course, nephew of the King. Some of the stories which Friedrichshof could tell would not be happy; its recent history, however, has been auspicious, and it will be memorable to those who desire the promotion of goodwill between the royal houses of England and Germany.



Photograph by Kate Fraenell.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF FUTURE
PEERESSES: LADY INGESTRE.

As Miss Winifred Paget, Lady Ingestre was considered an exceptionally lovely girl, and she and her only sister both wedded future earls. Lady Ingestre is often called upon to do the honours of her father-in-law, Lord Shrewsbury's splendid place, Alton Towers; but the whole Talbot family prefer Ingestre Hall, a delightful estate in Staffordshire, which was rebuilt after a disastrous fire comparatively lately.



Photograph by E. N. A.

PRINCESS, PLAYWRIGHT, AND MUSICIAN: PRINCESS
CHARLES OF HOHENZOLLERN.

The musical critics of Germany unite in praising the pastoral play, "The Shepherd and the Rose," which was performed for the first time at Reichstadt, the other day. Both words and music are by Princess Charles of Hohenzollern, who, as Princess Josephine of Belgium, before her marriage composed many dainty songs. The Princess, it might be added, is very popular in sporting circles and with German lovers of dogs.

TAME SNAILS FOR YOUR OWN EATING: SNAILERIES FOR THE AMATEUR.



1. SNAILS SHADED BY JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE, PLANTED FOR THAT PURPOSE. 2. IN A SNAIL PARK—ONE SNAIL TO FOUR SQUARE INCHES.

A French writer points out that there is no reason why the amateur should not rear snails for his own eating or for sale to other people. Edible snails are kept in parks (or snaileries), and are prevented from wandering by wire netting. They must be protected from the sun and from drought, and must be allowed about four square inches of ground apiece. Jerusalem artichokes are excellent shade-providers, while cabbages, lettuces, and green peas make succulent food for the snails, and at the same time add to the shade. Many Burgundians have a small snail-park in their gardens, and in this keep the snails they gather during the summer, and in August and September particularly, for consumption or sale during the winter.

(See the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Who's for a Constitution?

Such as it is, Russia has got hers—at a deplorable price. Persia has hers, though its worth must seem a doubtful quantity with the echo of the Shah's guns hardly yet silent. Latest of all, Turkey has got a Constitution, and our Congress, if it were not composed of hard-headed men of affairs, might well sing a Nunc Dimittis. Every State gets a Constitution if it ask often enough and long enough. It is but a short time ago that the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz startled Europe by granting constitutional government in the two Duchies. We may believe that the peoples of the two States desired a Constitution; they had been agitating day and night for thirty-six years.

A Comedy of Empire.

It was, perhaps, a little impolite of the people of these two Duchies, but they frankly told their rulers that their methods of government—those of absolute monarchies—were a fantastic anomaly in the federation of Germany. Until late in the last century feudalism remained rampant in the German States, and one of the joys of Bismarck's life was to wipe away the administrative abominations of the starchy little Duchy of Lauenburg. The day came for the Estates to take the oath of allegiance to the King of Prussia. They demanded of Bismarck that their feudal privileges should be maintained. This meant that the Duchy should continue to be farmed for the benefit of the powerful few at the expense of the unmighty many. Bismarck refused. "In that case," said the chief spokesman, "we shall decline to take the oath in the church to-morrow." "In that case," replied Bismarck, "you shall hear to-morrow in the church that you have been incorporated in the nearest Prussian province." And he drew up that night a decree incorporating Lauenburg with the province of Brandenburg. He had

The Constitution Congress, which opens to-morrow, should find its delegates in the highest spirits. We are all for Constitutions nowadays.

instrument, but still the hand moved not. When he could bear the flagrant untruth no longer he took the barometer from its place in the hall. He walked with it to a stream at the bottom of the garden, swollen by the rains into a muddy torrent. Into this he cast the impenitent barometer. "Wull ye believe your ain een, noo then?" he demanded.

A Shirt as a Free Pass.

The days are coming when managers of certain theatres will be at their wits' end to fill their houses. The lean times of the theatre are the harvest season of the man with impudence enough to worry round for "paper." On the other side of the water the paper man is more audacious in his demands than such of his contemporaries as we hear of on this side. A story is going the rounds of how one of the boldest was met. The manager to whom he applied barely knew him, and, the meeting occurring in the street, apologised for not having a ticket with him. "You can write it on my shirt-front," said the other, and the manager did so, and, apparently, gave instructions to the man at the box-office. For when at night the deadhead appeared and showed his pass written upon his shirt-front, the man in receipt of custom stopped him with: "It's all right, Sir, but you must give up your pass!"

The Guilty Conscience.

The Bill which Mr. Ellis Griffiths is to introduce for the better protection of dogs will, if carried, add to the labours of that long-suffering man, the police constable. He is always being sent to the dogs or having them sent to him. For years he had to see that dog-owners were also license-holders. Then some genius took this work away and handed it over to the Inland Revenue people, with the result that the country suffered from a plague of unlicensed dogs. Now the police are doing the work again, with added powers. The regulations are the quaintest ever framed. If a mad, raging dog



MOTHER AND CHILD.
By Prince Troubetzkoy.



A WOMAN OF TO-DAY.
By Prince Troubetzkoy.

Seeing is Believing. The wonderful clock (recovered from the sea by simple Swedish fishermen after long

ages) which President Fallières has been viewing is not the first scientific instrument to be invested by the credulous with a mystic personality. There was the barometer of that delightful Cheviot farmer of whom Sir Archibald Geikie tells. He had his barometer so that he might read the weather in advance and be wise in time. All went well until there came a spell of rainy weather during which the barometer marked "set fair." The farmer fretted and worried over the stupidity of his

ART, THE "GENT'S SUIT," AND THE "LADY'S COMPLETE COSTUME": MODERN CLOTHES AND THE SCULPTOR.

Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, a number of whose works have been on exhibition in Paris, is nothing if not modern in his methods, as these examples of his statuettes prove. He makes a speciality of figures in modern costume, and does much to disprove the statement that the dress of to-day is "impossible" as far as art is concerned.

come his way, the constable is "authorised" to arrest it with naked hands. It is scarcely surprising that family men in the force are anxious to be at one end of their beat when mad or savage dogs appear at the other. Perhaps the easiest way is to de-

velop the procedure which Landseer unconsciously inaugurated. While in Scotland he made many rapid sketches of village dogs which he saw, needing them, of course, for future reference. Next day, to his amazement, he saw dead dogs hanging from the trees or drowning in the rivers with stones about their necks. The locals had mistaken him for an excise officer taking note of unlicensed dogs. Conscience had done the rest, at a heavy cost in dogs.



M. PIERRE.
By Prince Troubetzkoy.

WHEN BILL TOOK HIS DISCHARGE.



THE POWDER-MANUFACTURER: Fancy old Bill, of all people, going into the gunpowder-shed with a lighted candle,
I should have thought that that would be the last thing he'd do.

THE WORKMAN: Which, properly speakin', it were, Sir.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



HOW many of the innumerable admirers of Miss Phyllis Dare are aware of the fact that she came within the traditional ace of having her stage career ended—and that in a most dramatic manner—before she began it? That, nevertheless, is an interesting biographical fact. She was to play as a small child



MR. H. B. IRVING AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Irving, who, it will be remembered, married Miss Dorothea Baird, has one son and one daughter. In company with his wife, he began his autumn tour on Monday last, starting in the Isle of Man.

Photograph by Sarony.

suggested that the part should be re-written in such a way as to eliminate the offending letters. This was tried, but still she stuttered so much that her mother declared that she would prefer her not to play. There was, however, no time to get another little girl, to teach her the words, and train her to speak them, so Miss Phyllis Dare had to be kept in the part and to make the best of a bad job. At the dress-rehearsal she still stammered. When, however, she went on the stage to play the part, every semblance of impediment had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and she spoke as clearly and beautifully as she had ever done before.

"Othello" as a curtain-raiser! It sounds incongruous, but at one time it and other tragedies were used as the introduction to the serious business of the evening's entertainment when that was a pantomime. Once, when a member of one of the stock companies in Manchester, Mr. Arthur Williams played in the pantomime on the occasion of the benefit of the clown, while in "Othello" the two chief parts were acted by the late Mr. Charles Calvert—the father of the clever actors of that name now on the stage—and Walter Montgomery, with the late Sir Henry Irving as Cassio. A few years ago Mr. Williams found a playbill of this particular entertainment, and, thinking it would interest him, sent it to Sir Henry Irving, who wrote a characteristically charming letter of acknowledgment, adding that he remembered the occasion vividly. In proof, he related an incident which throws an interesting sidelight on the way in which the actors made up in those days, for it would be impossible in these days, when the materials for making-up have been so improved. The Iago was very hoarse, so he mixed a lot of red pepper with some whisky for a gargle. He had used most of it when the Othello, who dressed in the same room, entered to prepare for the performance. Seeing the red stuff in the tumbler, he thought it was the mixture of Armenian Bole which he was in the habit of using to darken his face. He took some of it, mixed it with grease, and applied it to his face. It acted like a mustard-plaster, and even when it was removed and the ordinary make-up substituted, the irritation, Sir Henry said, was terrible; but the actor had to endure it all the evening.

That our dramatists make enormous successes in America after their plays have been produced in London is a fact of which every

playgoer is aware, for American managers are quick to secure what their actors frequently call "the goods," when its drawing power has been proved by the box-office. When, however, our dramatists make successes on the other side of the Atlantic before their plays have been produced in London, the cause for congratulation is increased. It is still further emphasised when the play attracts in spite of the belief that it is too serious. That, however, has been the case with "The Servant in the House," Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's work, production of which he went, a few months ago, to New York to superintend, and his wife Miss Wynne Matthison accompanied him to play the leading woman's part. The play has been unanimously declared to be the success of the New York season.

"The Servant in the House," it may be recalled, is to be one of seven plays intended by Mr. Rann Kennedy to form a repertoire for his highly gifted wife, who has made a great personal success in its leading part. The plays are all to be written in five acts, with only seven characters—two women and five men—in each, with the scene unchanged and with a continuity of action similar to that which was noted in "Getting Married," and therefore in accordance with the Greek idea of the Unities.

The interest in Mr. H. B. Irving's appearances in the parts associated with the name of his father is constantly increasing, as larger and larger audiences attest. Indeed, in many places which the late Sir Henry Irving did not visit, but where the reputation of the plays in which he achieved world-wide fame was naturally known, Mr. Irving has been creating something in the nature of a furore. This has been so marked that the business he has done has been extraordinary in certain towns which are regarded as anything but promising theatrically. Mr. Irving, in whose company several of



TO WRITE A SERIES OF SEVEN PLAYS FOR HIS WIFE: MR. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, HUSBAND OF MISS WYNNE MATTHISON.

the actors who supported Sir Henry are still engaged, started his autumn tour in the Isle of Man on Bank Holiday. As *Sketch* readers are aware, he and Mrs. Irving—Miss Dorothea Baird—who plays the leading parts in his repertoire, have two children, a son and a daughter.

THE HENLEY HABIT.



YOUNG BLOOD (*whose knowledge of rowing needs rubbing up, to tailor*): I want you to measure me for a really smart pair of rowing-trousers, and mind you don't forget the sliding seat.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THERE has been a fashion of ridicule against anthologies and their makers. Authors have professed to be weary of being pestered for permissions to quote this or that poem or bit of prose; and publishers, sometimes without any sanction from their clients, have sought to impose upon the offending anthologist a disabling fine, by way of "fee." Nothing could be more shortsighted. The anthologist is a delightful Master of the Ceremonies. He introduces the young to the poet, having done for them a work of sifting, beyond their capacity; and, where he shows the way and sets up his sign-posts, they gratefully follow. If this be true of even the mighty poets, it is also a fact that you never take up one of these collections of contemporary verse without finding in it some charming new acquaintance. It is said that a man may know he is old when he loses the faculty of making a friend. The critic who ceases to hail with delight the last flower the anthologist gathers for him is already on the way to literary extinction.

It was W. E. Henley, himself the maker of anthologies, who allowed his disciples to write blasé things about them. And then, I think, came Mr. Andrew Lang, who, when he has talked of books he has read, and space still yawns, records for us those he has not read, and, exhausting his likes, makes us an inventory of his dislikes, the anthology among them! He, or somebody else, has even hinted that the anthologist is picking the brains of the author he quotes! In this page, on the contrary, the anthology has always met with its due meed of praise; and now, by good luck, it has found a very valiant defender in the Literary Supplement of the *Times*.

The writer in the *Times* recognises that the fate of anthologies and of minor poetry is inextricably mixed. We have now living at least a score of men and women whose verse is so good that it would have made a first-class fame a century ago. As in the case of the novelists, the number tells against the great individual success. Miss May Sinclair, for instance, does not fill the literary world with her fame as did, say, Miss Edgeworth, though Miss Edgeworth's talent is negligible beside Miss Sinclair's. With poets it is the same; they are many; sometimes they are long, whereas time is short; and that is where the poet has his advantage over the novelist—the anthologist can become his ally, link, introducer, harbinger, negotiator, insinuator, propagator, pioneer, and best friend.

The Suffrage movement has brought out many living women and one dead woman—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. According to a writer in the *Westminster Review*, she was the author of the militant plea for women's rights published in 1739 by "Sophia, a

Person of Quality." Quality as a writer Lady Mary had, and we know it so well that this addition to the quantity of her work, even if allowed, can add nothing to our estimation of her merits. But there was a reply to "Sophia"—there always is a reply to Sophia; and it is suggested that "Man Superior to Women" was the handiwork of Pope, who thus put his pen to the last of his many feuds with the lady he hated. Lady Mary as a suffragist! Lover of the East as she was, and by no means inclined to pity her veiled sisters, Lady Mary does not seem at all an impossible figure upon the march along Piccadilly—with the disapproving Mr.

Wortley looking on from behind the decent shelter of a club window-curtain. The ugly little church of St. Mark in Audley Street, where her dust reposes, looks along into the Park, and we do not think of that dust as being disturbed by the adjacent tread of over one hundred thousand women's protesting feet. And only imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward denying Lady Mary the vote if Lady Mary wanted it!

Bulwer as a domestic disciplinarian! One does not get exactly that idea of him until one reads a letter, sold the other day at Sotheby's, addressed to his son Robert, in praise of the said Robert's determination not to allow a natural lethargy to overcome his activities as a student. But Robert, while making this heroic resolution, evidently frankly confessed to a recent lapse into lassitude; and Papa, with equal frankness, expresses his "disgust" at the avowal, and warns him that if he wastes his time when he comes home, his home shall know him no more. He will be sent away at once—whether back to school we do not quite gather, and perhaps, at this season of holidays and the not always great efforts of the released schoolboy to-

wards self-improvement, it would be cruelly indiscreet to inquire. What is, however, to the point is that the "system" succeeded; and that Robert Lytton, with an almost Eastern inclination to idleness, became one of the most industrious men of his day. As Viceroy in India, or as Ambassador in Paris, he kept his secretaries busy, and wrote, besides, with his own hand, a thousand little encouraging notes to authors, English, American, and French, who sent him books, pamphlets, and magazine-articles which others would "lose no time in reading." And there were people—prigs in the service—who never believed that the Earl of Lytton was working because the while he worked he smoked a cigarette! Even his father, the writer of the exacting letter which somebody spent over a sovereign to acquire, would not have been so hard on him as that. To Bulwer's greater tolerance was due the success of his "system," a success denied to Sir Willoughby Patterne's.

M. E.



THE TOP-HATTED ONE: Hi, there! Show me the quickest way to the hospital, will you?
THE SPOILER FOR A FIGHT: Well! If that ain't arskin' for it!

DRAWN BY CHRIS HEAPS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A STORY OF THREE.

By MARIAN BOWER.

Which do you pity the most of us three?—
My friend, or the mistress of my friend
With her wanton eyes, or me?

NOT only was Stephen Lennox the only son of a widow, but he was the only son of a foolish widow, and Mrs. Lennox, who mourned her husband—for the first three months in the widest of crêpe bands, and with frequent weepings in church when the organ played soft music, or in her drawing-room when the vicar, his wife, and even the curate, came to mix condolence with a cup of tea—turned the boy into a kind of vicarious atonement for her shortcomings towards his father.

In pursuit of this excellent plan she invariably chose Stephen's most creditable desire to offer up to this tombstone affection. The boy wanted to go to Wellington, so she sent him to the curate, blossomed out into a private tutor; the boy wanted to be a soldier, so she sent him to Cambridge. Stephen loved a horse, the football-field, a gun—and so Mrs. Lennox sighed about a lower plane all the Christmas holidays, decried outdoor sports during the Easter leave, and devoted the whole of a summer vacation to reminders that they who lived by the sword perished by the sword; that she was a lone widow, and that such selfishness in her only child as Stephen at present displayed was about to break her heart.

The result was that, at twenty-three, Stephen Lennox was morose, soured, discontented—a junior master in a small boys' school.

Mrs. Lennox might have thwarted his bent, might have forced him into an uncongenial life; but to one thing she had not been able to persuade him: Stephen refused to go into the Church.

When his decision was final his mother made hers. She left him to go his own way, she said; in reality she married again—a showy individual, who appropriated all the slender income that ought to have been Stephen's; for John Lennox, in the first blush of bridal happiness, had been unwise enough to give his wife, in the event of his death, entire control of the income from his investments for life.

The school where Stephen laboured to instil the elements of the dead languages into small boys' heads was situated within a couple of miles of cavalry barracks, and whenever he was released from what he looked on as his house of bondage, he invariably hurried away to the hill overlooking the camp to listen to the music of the bugles.

Each time he went he came back more discontented, more miserable. He was perfectly aware of the fact, and yet the next half-holiday saw him hastening up the rise again.

But it is possible that his discontent, his rebellion against fate, circumstance, himself, would have remained discontent and nothing more had it not been for Millie Parkinson.

Since ever the world began, as we all know, it has been a woman who, for good or for bad, has given the determining impulse. Millie gave it now. Not that the young lady was conscious of so great an achievement. Had she been told that she was playing with a life, that it is dangerous to make sport of souls, she would have tossed her rather over-curved golden head, and giggled out—had no one been there who remembered the exact date of her first long frock—that she was not old enough yet to be bothered with people who wanted to scold her for being happy.

Miss Millie Parkinson, only child of a retired Colonel, who was vague about the number of his regiment, and whom the malicious said owed any military rank he might possess to the Volunteers, was the beauty of the little place. Men assured her—women in Millie's estimation did not count—with more or less directness that they found her eyes blue, her cheeks pink, and the young lady herself "rippin'." They sent her flowers and chocolates, duly lost bets to her, and gave her theatre-tickets; but they always refrained from adding themselves and their names to these miscellaneous offerings. When rather a sharp expression was creeping into the corners of Millie's eyes, and her walk on the Parade (by Mamma's side, of course) was beginning to be a period of anxious speculation, Gerald Astley, of the Queen's Own Dragoons, joined the camp on the hill, and Stephen Lennox accepted the place of master at the preparatory school in the town.

Gerald was not quite blameless, for he dallied and laughed and flirted and danced with Millie, thinking—if he thought at all—that the girl knew well how to take care of herself. Stephen was in earnest from the first: he offered himself daily; but though the situation had the charm of novelty to Millie, she was not the

person to be carried away by glamour. What could she do with an under-master in a little boys' school, who, when he grew slow and heavy at thirty-five or so, would be superannuated?

One afternoon, when she had waited for Gerald all the hour the band was playing (Mamma, of course, in attendance), and he had spent the time talking to two quietly dressed sisters whom Millie always told everyone she did not want to know, Stephen, unfortunately, varied his programme, and instead of going to look at soldiers from the hill, strolled up the promenade. Seeing Millie alone, he hurried to her, and as ill-luck would have it, renewed his habitual petition. Millie's nerves were on edge, or her temper was short; at any rate, forgetting prudence for once—unvarying sweetness was her rôle—she told Stephen exactly what place he occupied in her estimation.

"Then," summed up the poor fellow, seeing clearly at last, "you have been playing with me. You have been leading me on to encourage Astley."

"Yes," admitted Millie quite candidly, quite brutally, "but I don't suppose he took the trouble to be jealous of you."

Stephen Lennox wheeled about, walked away from the band, the crowd, the loiterers, the row of motors draw up under the trees, the children, their nurses, their perambulators. He went down the hill which led abruptly from the world of fashion into the world of poverty. He chose a particularly unsavoury, cobble-paved alley, and walked down it. High, broken-windowed, ill-kept houses rose on either hand of him; unwashed men were hanging about, dirtier women were lounging on filthy doorsteps; before a low public-house flamed a gas-jet in a red globe, and a smell of stale beer came out to meet him. A recruiting-sergeant pushed back the noisy swing-doors of the Golden Lion, and, breathing the purer air, expanded his great chest with an involuntary movement of pleasure. Stephen watched him, looked after him. His first impulse was merely one of satisfaction at seeing anyone so trim and so smart.

Then, to his unfailing interest in all that pertained to a soldier, was added something quite different. Lennox hurried after the scarlet-coated figure; he heard the sergeant propose the Service to a loafer, and thought bitterly that, had he had his way, had he been allowed to follow the inclination within him, Millie would not have scorned him.

The reflection made him walk still faster. He and the sergeant were abreast now.

Suddenly Stephen asked himself a question. Why should he not enlist? It might be the first step to—honour, promotion, Millie.

For one moment longer he paused. A trickle of cold prudence mingled with the stream of his passion, and just for an instant he told himself that the expedient, as a means of making to Millie, would be foolish, or worse.

But so sane a view could not prevail. Stephen stepped out across the pavement. He confronted the sergeant, and—he never knew why—asked for the "Queen's Own Dragoons."

So he came to his sober—or unsobber—self, to find himself a trooper in his rival's regiment, and, what was more, a trooper in the "C" Company, with Gerald Astley for his captain.

Astley was a gentleman. His private opinion might be that Lennox was a silly ass; but when he saw the new recruit, there was but one start, the beginning of an exclamation smothered under his moustache, and then silence.

The trooper and his captain exchanged glances. The blaze was in the trooper's eyes.

Stephen, after that first parade, abandoned all notion of getting on. Ambition was swallowed up in temper, and temper led him to resentment, to sullenness, to disgrace. He was soon branded as that most unsatisfactory thing—an unsatisfactory gentleman ranker. He lived completely friendless, out of favour with the officers, shunned by his own rank. His Colonel had him up and administered a stern yet not unfriendly warning. Astley tried to help him. Stephen chose to hate Gerald more than ever for that. In his unreasonableness, he could see nothing but Gerald retailing the items of his downfall to Millie and the two making merry over his plight.

The Queen's Own was ordered to India, and, as anyone but Stephen might have foreseen, Astley went out without Millie.

Lennox immediately twisted this into an additional cause for hatred of his captain. Astley, he told himself, was a cad, a black-guard, a deceiver of women, a wretch who made sport of a girl's affections.

Cherishing his resentment, Stephen drifted from bad to worse. The heat came on, and the physical discomfort, which disorders the wisest minds at times, acted as a goad to his brooding discontent. Each day he found something more to complain of in Astley—some slight, some insult to himself. Gerald, he would not have hesitated to declare, took hourly advantage of their respective positions.

Then he began to ask himself why his enemy should dine in a punkah-cooled mess-room, should have his quarters, his ponies, his servants. Such a man ought to be banned, cut. From that he went on telling himself that if no one in the commissioned ranks had a sense of decency, he, Stephen, must show them that there was one chivalrous being left.

More than once he held on tightly to his riding-whip, cut savagely into the air with it. The trooper thrashing his Captain! The very phrase pleased him.

Yet the climax came one day, as Stephen had not foreseen—came suddenly, with no premeditation. It was the coolest hour of the twenty-four. In the camp the women were coming out of their bungalows, in the club-house voices were astir again. At the range, the men were paraded for target-practice.

Astley's company was there, and, as the Captain stood aside, a girl on a pony passed by. Gerald saluted, looked after her. It was 'Toinette Destrey, and all the regiment knew that Gerald loved her.

She was gone in a minute. Astley turned back to the matter in hand, walked a pace or two nearer the range. Lennox was just lifting his rifle to his shoulder; the sergeant-major, with whom he was no favourite, was just assuring him that he could shoot if he liked, but that generally he did not like, when he saw his enemy only a little aside from the line of fire.

He had seen 'Toinette, he had seen Gerald look at her; he remembered Millie; he loved her still; he—he—he could at least avenge her. He turned, took deliberate aim, fired point-blank at Gerald Astley.

Then followed a moment of horrible, sickening silence. Then an oath flew out from the sergeant-major. Stephen slowly lowered his rifle. He smiled as he did so. He looked straight before him.

Gerald Astley was still standing upright. He was still smiling, his hateful blue eyes were as bright, as alert as ever.

Stephen watched his Captain, saw him turn himself about, saw him put up his hand and take off his helmet. Astley brought it down level with his chest. He glanced inside it—there were two little round holes right through it.

When the sergeant-major saw and understood, that worthy's face went purple with passion. With a rasp in his rough voice, he thundered a command. Two men, obeying it with alacrity—for Gerald was as popular as Stephen was unpopular—sprang at Lennox.

The trooper made no resistance. His rifle was wrenched from him; he let it go. He felt the heavy hands on his shoulders; he did not move a muscle to push them off.

He began to say to himself that he had tried to kill Gerald Astley. There would be a court-martial; the charge against him would be attempted murder of a superior officer. He would at least save his judges trouble. He would say at once that he was guilty. . . . And the sentence . . . penal servitude. . . . The years seemed to stretch out before him . . . such years.

All this whirl of thought came flashing and eddying into his mind before he heard Gerald Astley's voice, and Gerald calling out to know what the deuce they were doing down there.

The sergeant-major looked at the Captain in amazement. When a man has tried to murder another, the victim does not generally roar out wrathfully because the assailant is secured. The "non-com." was about to intimate this respectfully, when Gerald stepped right up before the target.

He looked about him, first at the expanse of hot, sun-dried plain, then at the blazing vault of blue above him, and, lastly, he let his eyes wander all down the ranks of his own company.

Every man there was looking at him, was awaiting his next word, was aware that, as they themselves would have expressed it, "E was up to something."

When Gerald seemed to have contemplated each man separately he spoke.

"A near shave that for me," he began, very slowly, very distinctly, a ring of appeal, of anxiety in the full, long-carrying voice. "I can't think how I came to be such a fool. Anyway, it will teach me not to get into the line of fire again in a hurry."

Not a word, not a sound answered him. If every man present knew, understood, every man kept as mute as a dummy.

Again Gerald looked down the ranks.

"I was in the way, you know," he concluded persuasively—"right bang in the way."

This time a mutter, like a breath at first, began to swell, to grow. In all the regiment there was no one loved as Gerald was loved.

Astley understood. Because these big fellows loved him so they might thwart him. He walked slowly forward. He turned his

head from this man to that man. He almost stopped before "Big Mackenzie," who remembered that once the Captain had opportunely looked the other way, and then on the morrow had advised him not to let "it" occur again. The big man repaid his debt now, not how he would, but how his Captain would. "Yes, Sir," he volunteered, saluting gravely. "Right in the line, Sir."

Gerald smiled at him, went on. This was but one man. It was Tom Sayers from Bradford, who had found case after case of champagne in his rooms in the married quarters when the "Lartle Lass," as the big dragoon called his girl wife, was fighting for her life, who saluted next, and looked as if he had something to say.

"Yes?" encouraged Gerald.

"Right in the way, Sir," lied Tom with a gulp, and then, to do the thing handsomely, he added, "Just 'appened to 'ave me eyes on you, Sir."

The ball set rolling, Gerald did not want for testimony of his own pattern. He sighed when he realised this, as if a weight were lifted off his chest. Then he threw back his head, and, regardless of discipline or decorum, laughed boyishly, cheerily.

He knew that he had won . . . that he had won a man's liberty.

And then, when at length it was imperative that Stephen should look at him, that he should look at Stephen, there came a moment's interruption. A string of carriages were sweeping over the plain towards the club-house. Gerald watched them go; someone called gaily to him that it was kind of him to stop the firing-party on their account; a man's gruff voice opined that target-practice was over—it ought to have been; another woman asked Captain Astley to dinner, and then a shrill voice called out, "Don't you know me, Captain Astley? Are you going to forget old friends?"

Gerald looked round sharply. The lady ordered her coachman to stop, and the carriage—a hired victoria from the Hindoo jobman in the town—was drawn up in full-view of Captain Astley's company, of Stephen Lennox.

Stephen could see—the sight really mattered to him alone, though the woman he was staring at with horror-darkened, wide eyes never as much as turned her head his way—the painted face, the brightened hair, the exaggerated cut of her clothes, the man who sat by her side.

Involuntarily he took a step forward. This time the woman in the carriage glanced at him, and then turned her gaze indifferently away from a mere trooper.

Her smile was for Gerald, who went forward unwillingly enough.

The lady leaned over the side of the carriage. She announced that she was Millie Parkinson blossomed into Mrs. Elie Aaron, that the man who sat beside her was her husband.

Neither Astley nor Lennox had need to cast a look on the man whom Millie had married. They knew of him. Mr. Aaron had a reputation to himself throughout the whole district.

Astley, thinking of this, perhaps, asked the girl in a more gentle voice if she found India pleasant.

The question seemed to set open a flood-gate. Millie, a bride still, found the whole place detestable, and this particular station, in which she had only been a week, the worst of all. She would go home; she was sick already of plain, washed-out women who were so jealous of anyone younger and better-looking than themselves that they would not call on her, of men who had so little go in them that they were always occupied when she asked them to her house.

Stephen listened to the very last word of this vulgar, under-bred speech, and while he stood there, with every nerve on edge, the scales fell from his eyes, and seeing at last, he realised all Gerald Astley's magnanimity. He looked up at the sky, he looked across at the sun-dried plain with the heat shimmering and rising on the horizon. Suddenly India in the hot season became superlatively good to him—because he was out at large in it.

He wheeled about, bent his back as if under a burden. If his captain had been one whit less generous? If his own aim had been but a fraction truer?

The tears started up in his eyes. God! to come to this pass for a woman who could not only marry Elie Aaron, but who could flaunt him as her husband with no seeming sense of shame.

The bitter thought was but just taking form in his mind, the shrill voice that had bidden Mr. Aaron's carriage move on was hardly out of his ears, when Stephen stepped out the few yards that separated him from Gerald.

"Sir!" he began.

Astley looked at the face before him.

He thrust out his hand.

"That is all right!" he cried out, as boyish as he always was when he was well pleased.

Stephen looked once at the palm open to him. He seemed about to speak, and then his own hand went out.

The clasp was long, intimate.

With a smile, this time, Lennox stepped back a pace; saluted.

Astley as gravely saluted too.

Lennox turned about. Gerald looked after him.

"He will get his commission in a year," Astley muttered joyfully to himself, and then he hurried away to change and follow 'Tointette, that he might discuss with her how he could best help a fellow who had been down to the depths and had come up again—alive.

THE END.

THE MAN WHO HAD SPARED PARTS.



THE CUSTOMER: When I bought a car from you a few weeks ago you said you would be willing to supply a new part if I broke anything.

THE MOTOR AGENT: Certainly, Sir. What can I have the pleasure of providing you with?

THE CUSTOMER: I want a pair of new ankles, a floating rib, a left eye, three yards of cuticle, a box of assorted finger-nails, four molars, two bicuspid, and a funny-bone.

RODIN'S "ROME OF THE NORTH": THE STORIED STONES OF PRAGUE.



1. THE CROSS, WITH A HEBREW INSCRIPTION, SET UP WITH MONEY TAKEN FROM A JEW: THE CRUCIFIX ON THE GREAT BRIDGE OF PRAGUE.
2. WHERE A SAINT WAS FLUNG INTO THE RIVER: THE MEMORIAL TO ST. JOHN NEPOMUK, PATRON SAINT OF BOHEMIA.
3. THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FIRST FUGITIVES FROM JERUSALEM: IN THE OLD JEWISH CEMETERY.

4. VENICE ON THE VLTAVA: THE WATERWAY AT THE SIDE OF THE RIVER, BY THE FAMOUS CHARLES' BRIDGE.
5. A CHURCH WHOSE BASE CANNOT BE SEEN: THE TYN CHURCH AND THE HOUSES THAT MASK IT.
6. A POWDER-TOWER IN THE CENTRE OF A CITY: THE GATE THAT WAS A MAGAZINE.

It is said in Prague that if you throw a stone from one of the city's windows you will throw with it a morsel of history, and certainly Bohemia's capital is full of historical interest. Rodin has called it the "Rome of the North"; to Goethe it was, "the most splendid gem in the diadem of cities"; to William Ritter, "the most precious book of history and architecture." (See Article later in the Number.)

WHY IS FLUFFY RUFFLED ?

BECAUSE MISS FLUFFY RUFFLES IS NOTHING IF NOT IN THE FASHION.



A MODERN RUFFLE.



THE RUFFLE AS WATTEAU PAINTED IT.



THE MODERN FLUFFY RUFFLE.



THE RUFFLE OF MME. VIGÉE LE BRUN.

THE CULT OF THE COLLARETTE, OLD AND NEW.

The ruff is in favour again. So another old fashion has become new. In course of time our women-folk should be dressing like those of the Middle Ages, or, perhaps, now that Miss Isadora Duncan and Miss Maud Allan have come to town, like those of ancient Greece.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL (SIC).



THE PACEMAKER: Man, keep your eyes on the minister's hat while I turn on his probationary discourse on courage, an' ye'll imagine you're in the kirk; there's a nip left in the bottle; an' if there's any other form o' encouragement ye fancy, sing out.

MACFISH: Sandy, hiv ye a pair of stilts aboard?

DRAWN BY PHILIP HAYNES.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE Duke of Connaught, who opens the new marine drive at Scarborough to-day, is one of the most careful men in the world at a function of this sort. Military discipline is, of course,



Photograph by Frith.

YET THEY SAY WOMAN CANNOT FIND HER POCKET! QUEEN ELIZABETH'S "POCKET PISTOL," AT DOVER.

responsible for much, but he received at a momentous period of his career a lesson which he has never forgotten. That lesson came from the House of Commons, to whose Bar Gladstone strode one night bearing a paper in his hand. "Mr. Gladstone, what have you there?" inquired the Speaker. "A message from the Queen, Sir," replied the Premier. "Bring it up," said the Speaker, which Gladstone did, for the House to rise and stand bareheaded while the Speaker read: "Victoria Regina, her Majesty being desirous of making competent provision for the honourable support and maintenance of her third son, Prince Arthur, relies on the attachment of the House of Peers—" There was a look of horror on the Speaker's face; he had got the wrong message, and his own had gone to the Lords. Gladstone apologised for the error, hoped that it would not vitiate the message, and suggested that another should be received on the following Monday. Happily, the messages were exchanged the same evening and the matter was adjusted. From that moment the Duke has never allowed anything in which he is officially concerned to pass without revision and re-revision.

English Pluck. With so gifted a host and hostess as Lord and Lady Galway, guests who are present to-morrow or the following days at the performance of "King Harry's Revel," at Serlby Hall, need apprehend no mishaps. They know full well that they are in good hands. Lord Galway has the nerve of the perfect M.F.H., and his wife is, as resourceful as she is generous. Courage is hereditary in Lord Galway's family. His mother was the heroine of a Venetian season by a unique display of the quality. A delightful vocalist, she was singing before a distinguished company in Venice, with her mother accompanying. Suddenly the latter saw the guests rise in wild alarm and point to the wall immediately above the spot where the singer stood. The latter looked up and saw a deadly scorpion advancing towards her. Without a moment's hesitation she twined her handkerchief about her hand, seized the scorpion, carried it to the window, and set it at liberty. The Italians screamed, first with nervousness, then with enthusiasm, and unanimously declared that none but an English lady dare have done such a thing.

The Younger Churchill. A critic of Mr. Herbert

Gladstone once sententiously declared that if it had not been for his father we should never have heard of our present Home Secretary. It is scarcely fair to say that had there been no Winston Churchill we should never have heard of Mr. John Spencer Churchill, who on Saturday becomes the husband of Lady Gwendeline Bertie. It is true that while fate and his own inclination have combined to keep the elder son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill very much in the limelight, the younger son has remained unostentatiously in the background. Few people outside her own circle of friends remember that the bewitching Lady Randolph had a second son. There is not a mention of him in the famous biography. Indeed Winston Churchill's name occurs but once there, and that in a letter of his father describing the boy's marvellous escape from death after a mad prank at Bournemouth. The bridegroom-elect has no keen liking for politics, and is content to devote himself to the Stock Exchange. He has much of his father's genius and of his mother's charm, characteristics which ensure him unlimited friendships.

Heir to a Goodly Heritage.

To-day (5th) Mr. Evelyn Boscawen, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Falmouth, comes of age, and he may indeed say of himself that he has a goodly heritage. Tregothnan, the family seat in Truro, is one of the most beautiful places in the West Country, the views of wood and water which it commands being really exquisite. There is a famous rookery in the park, and the house itself is very comfortable. Not less lovely in its way is Mere-worth Castle, in Kent, the old seat of the Le Despencers, which came to the Boscauens by the marriage of the present peer's father with the last Baroness Le Despencer in her own right. It is a copy of the Villa Capra, built by Palladio at Vicenza, and is placed in the midst of the richest hop-fields and orchards of the county which is justly named the Garden of England. The young heir, who was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has not long returned from a visit to the Victoria Falls with his mother, possesses the remarkable number of thirteen aunts and only four uncles. His youngest sister, who was born in April 1902, was appropriately christened Corona.



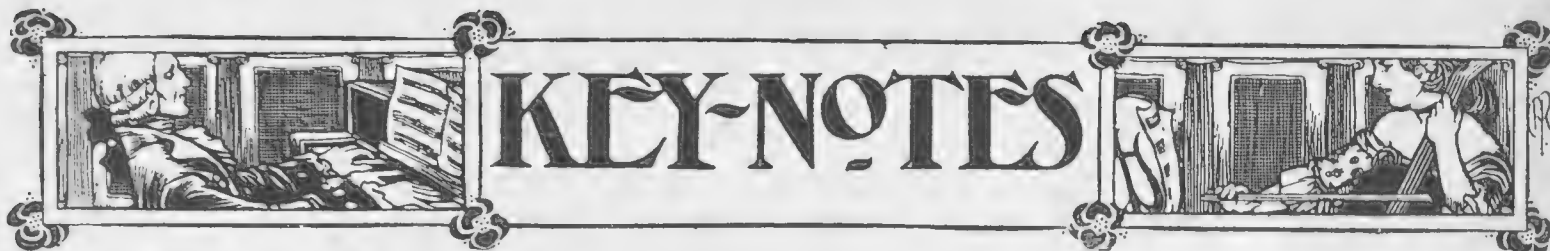
Photograph by View and Portrait Supply.

A SHOOTING-RANGE IN A CAVE: THE TARGETS IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CAVES, REIGATE.



A PILLAR BUILT FOR A BET IN THE DAYS OF WAGERS.

The single pillar here shown stands in the nave of Whitby Abbey. It is said that it was built about the middle of last century, as the result of a bet. A pillar had fallen, and one man wagered another that he could reconstruct it, and set it up in such a manner that no one would know that it had been damaged.—[Photograph by View and Portrait Supply.]



THOSE who are at all familiar with the work of the bands that are controlled by the London County Council will bear witness to the very considerable improvement that has been shown since Mr. Carl Armbruster was appointed to direct them. Not only is the playing on the up grade, but the selection of pieces, though it is largely and rightly concerned with popularity, is considerably better than it was only a little while ago. The London County Council is taking Metropolitan music seriously, and having turned its attention to the gardens and public places, is now about to consider the case of schools. A musical adviser and inspector is to be appointed to superintend music-teaching in London County Council schools of every grade, and his work, if cleverly carried out, is bound to exercise a very considerable effect, directly and indirectly. It will widen the appreciation for what is good in music, and doubtless some steps will be taken to encourage and develop any special talent that may be discovered. One would not gladly suggest or support any plan for adding to the number of those who seek to earn a living as players or singers, but there is plenty of room for competent people who are contented with small fees in some of the places where music reigns supreme at this time of year. The seaside orchestra is often a glaring offender against most of the accepted canons of musical taste, and the standard of appreciation has only to be raised a very little way before many of the performances current on our coast during July, August, and September, and not a few of the performers, will be impossible.

The Opera season now at an end reflects very considerable credit upon those who have been responsible for the smooth running of the performances, for the attention to detail, and for the unfailing supply of good artists. At the same time, it must be admitted that opera in this country is hardly likely to realise the ambitions of those who take it seriously. It is essentially a form of amusement that depends upon the subscriptions of the wealthy, and does not seek to be progressive or to respond to the influences that shape the destiny of opera in other lands. It has been pointed out before in this place that the directors of the Grand Opera Syndicate

are not to blame. A very considerable amount must be spent on the production of a new opera, and unless it is absolutely sensational in theme and treatment, the new work has little or no chance of succeeding. For the ordinary composition that has merit and is not sensational there is nothing to hope in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, and the tendency to rely upon old favourites was never more pronounced than it has been this year, when such works as "Traviata," "Lucia," and "The Huguenots" have drawn crowded houses. While the management can rely upon a large and appreciative audience for work of this sort it would indeed be unwise to trouble about better things. An early taste for acorns still survives the discovery of wheat.

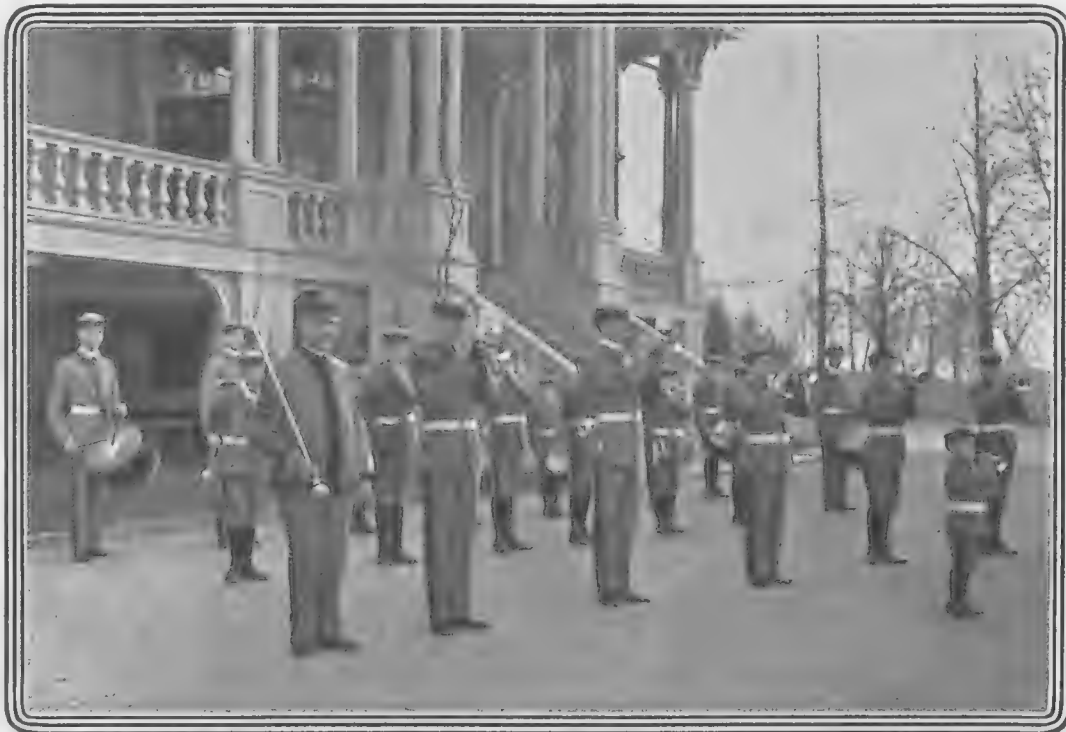
Individual performances have been remarkably good. It may be doubted whether Mme. Melba has ever been in better form; she has demonstrated that she is still our leading soprano, and is credited with a desire to enlarge her repertoire, though the promised creation of a new rôle has not been fulfilled. Perhaps when the prima-donna returns from Australia to Covent Garden in the spring of 1910 she will give us a taste of her quality in some part that she has not played over and over again. Mme. Tétrazini has hardly created as great a sensation as she did in the autumn, but has drawn very large houses, and at her best has sung delightfully. Unfortunately, the quality of her work varies almost as much as the weather. A newcomer, Mme. Cavalieri, though not as capable as her most ardent admirers pretend, is a capable artist enough, and has proved a welcome addition to the ranks of Covent Garden. Maria Gay

has been seen and heard to the usual advantage in her favourite rôle of Carmen. And Miss Destinn has proved again that she is one of the most versatile operatic artists before the public to-day, one to whom no part within the compass of her voice offers any difficulty. The leading tenors—Zenatello, Bonci, Marak, and Garbin—have been well up to the high average of Covent Garden principals, and it would not be easy to overpraise the care and attention to detail that have been shown by Signor Campanini and Signor Panizza. COMMON CHORD.



THE COUNTESS WHO PLAYED FRANZI IN "A WALTZ DREAM":
MADAME ILKA PALMAY (COUNTESS KINSKY).

The Countess, who is one of the most famous of Hungary's prima-donnas, came to England the other day to take part in the League of Mercy concert at the Hungarian Exhibition. She is likely to star here in the late autumn in an English musical piece. Abroad she has played Franzl in "A Waltz Dream," and the Queen in "The Education of the Prince." She is to play in "Miss Hook of Holland" at the King's Theatre, Budapest, in the early autumn. She has been seen here at the Savoy in "The Grand Duke," "His Majesty," and "The Yeomen of the Guard."—[Photograph by Kossak.]



A BAND WHO CANNOT HEAR THEMSELVES PLAY: INSTRUMENTALISTS WHO ARE DEAF AND DUMB.

This brass band belongs to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and all its members are inmates of that institution. It is the only brass band in the world whose members are deaf and dumb boys, and the players have been taught to perform as excellently as they do by the exercise of great patience, and by the invention of an elaborate system which enables the members of the band, not hearing, to gain the proper effects. This tuition lasted for three years. There are twenty-eight instruments in the band, and its repertoire consists of over a hundred pieces, all of them memorised.—[Photograph by Shepherson.]

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

How They Bear It.

pleasuring they can "put in" between the Royal Academy and the end of Cowes week

There is one thing in which the Britons—male and female after their kind—show pre-eminence, and that is in the amount of Private View at the It is distressing even to contemplate the number of indigestible lunches, dinners, and suppers they must consume, the miles of staircases they must tread, the nights of comfortable sleep they have to forego, the rivers of platitudes they are obliged to utter during the three months of the London Season. Nor can the resident Londoner, as a rule, carry the affair through with a stout heart to the very end. He or she gives out long before the British aristocrat—country-bred, and breathing, for nine months of the year, the air of the fields, moors, and mountains—has begun to feel even slightly fatigued.

[Copyright.]

A PRETTY HAT OF FINE STRAW.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

But the fact is the British aristocracy trains, so to speak, for the season. No one can say that they lead deliriously exciting lives on their country estates. They come up to town as eager for excitement as a small child on its way to a Christmas pantomime. London, to be sure, is *en fête* for them. With even a moderate rent-roll, the world is at their feet. For them, the wine is always purple, the festal garland is hung up on the wall. Agreeable fixtures loom ahead, and there is no uncertainty about their welcome. At the hottest night at the Opera, they can hear, so to speak, the steam getting up on the yacht which will presently convey them through the coolest fjords of Norway; they know already the house-party they will meet at Goodwood, their grouse are already strong on the wing on their moors in Scotland. Thus does the Englishman and woman *de race* face with undaunted courage and unflinching vigour the fatiguing turmoil of the London season.

The Sprightly Muse.

The question of the hour (for some unknown being has to settle these things, precisely like next year's hats) is what the young fry are presently going to dance. Turveydrops have recently assembled in high conclave to invent, or make popular, new dances. Ambitious young persons are, I understand, busy acquiring some of the skill of Maud Allan and Isadora Duncan, and will presently, in Botticelli garments and vine-wreathed hair, astonish their country neighbours with a "Valse Caprice" or even a bowdlerised version of the famous dance of the daughter of Herodias. But the dancing-masters do not favour these vagaries of Terpsichore: the Muse must perform in couples, with a man—preferably young and adroit—for her partner, and so we have the eternal round of polkas and vales, of quadrilles and two-steps, which make the modern ball-room only tolerably amusing to the spectator. "Je ne suis pas fanatique de la danse," said a distinguished military attaché to me the other night at a ball, as we stood and watched the hurly-burly of people, some old and fat, some young and pert, gyrating madly round the room. And this, I take it, is the attitude of the normal and indifferent person. We are not "fanatiques de la danse" because dances are neither new nor beautiful. We crowd to the Palace Theatre, but few citizens, over five-and-twenty, ardently desire to go to balls.

The Athlete and Christian Science.

Olympian contests seem to be as fruitful of international tiffs as Peace Conferences, and will have to be abandoned if the competitors do not show better manners and more confidence in the judges. During the celebrated fortnight we seem to have estranged America and seriously damaged the Entente Cordiale with France; and all about two vague young men, one on a running-track and the other on a bicycle! The cause is ludicrously inadequate for the disastrous result. According to a youthful giant whom I met the other day, the road to peace (and, incidentally, to success in the sports) is through Christian Science. He was an American, and I was told to talk to him because I was the only person at the lunch-party who could understand what he said. My giant (who had beaten the record at the Stadium in some amazing feat) was a devotee of the newest of all religions. He did not train specially, or worry himself about details, but just got up in the morning and knew he was going to win. There is a pleasing simplicity about this method which must appeal to an over-worried age. The next Marathon race will have to be run exclusively by Christian Scientists.

A National Hostess.

They have lately created a new official, the Minister for International Entertainment, so that Mr. Lulu Harcourt has suddenly found himself filling the delicate rôle of the National Host. So far, all is well, for apparently the round man has been found to fill the round hole, but how are we to find future hosts among the Government so amiable of disposition that their friends would think it an outrage to call them by anything but a pet name? If there is one thing in which a woman generally excels, it is in giving a party, and is it unthinkable that a National Hostess might be appointed who would represent all that is best not only in the Government of the day, but in our national life? It is notorious that women take to entertaining like ducks take to a pond; the artificial atmosphere of the drawing-room and the dinner-table is the air they breathe best; the rose-shaded candle is the light they love, and in full war-paint the Englishwoman is at her loveliest, as well as her most imposing and distinguished. Again, a woman will do small, thoughtful acts which would not occur to a man, and we have only to remember the numberless courteous and kindly deeds done by Queen Alexandra to see that a National Hostess would be an incalculable force in fostering goodwill among the nations.



[Copyright.]

FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN: A HARRIS-TWEED SUIT WITH LEATHER STRAPPING.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THERE is no doubt about the success of the White City, which the facetious call the "Bull-Frogeries." Now that the Games are over and that Society has deserted London, the Exhibition grounds and buildings are as full as ever. One feels like one's own luggage on a trolley when propelled along in a wheel-chair to an accompaniment of "By your leave, please." Up and down the inclines the experience is quite exciting, especially with heavy-weights. Happily, the men are very skilful. Excellent guides to the Exhibition they prove, at once gauging the tastes of their fares and telling them the best things in their own lines.

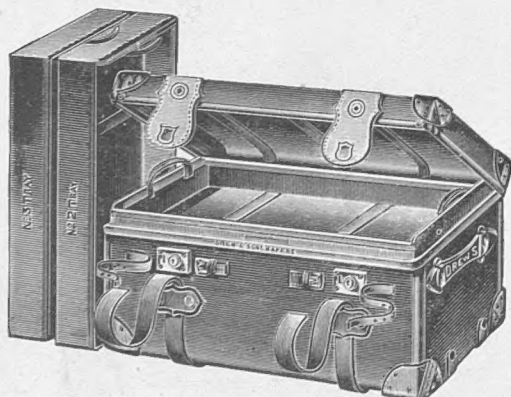
It was indeed Glorious Goodwood this year, but there is nothing novel to be recorded of dress at the great Sussex meeting. It was charming, as it has been throughout the summer. The extreme or Incroyable style of Directoire dress was conspicuous by its absence. Its tentative appearances in the daytime at one or two large functions have been severely criticised in very high quarters. It is a style that is at its best at night. In thicker autumn and winter fabrics it will be better than in crêpe-de-Chine, charmeuse, and mousseline-de-soie.

A new soap is always welcome, for we womenkind are veritable Athenians in our run after everything new. However much comes along that goes as speedily by, Havaneta soap has come to stay. It owes its delightful properties and its charming effect on the skin to being made of a new base or paste called Albumyl. It has the same effect on the skin as facial massage cream. It is the latest production of the celebrated Courvoisier, maker of the Otto of Violets and Havaneta perfumes. The soaps can be had impregnated with either. I brought a box home from the Franco-British the other evening, which I purchased at the smart-looking stall of the firm, and I am charmed with it. This hot weather it is such a boon to have a soap that one can use freely and beneficially, deriving a feeling of refreshment from its use, not one of tightness of skin and irritation.

A holiday companion not to be neglected is a camera. Some friends of mine, after visiting the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition at Russell Square, bought a "Verascope," with which they have been doing splendid little pictures at Cowes and at Goodwood. It is very small and inconspicuous, and has the advantages of a much larger instrument. It gives two negatives, so that a choice can be made between them. My friends are charmed with their neat little camera, without which they never move, and intend having their pictures enlarged and some of their portraits done in colour, for which they are specially suitable.

What a mercy it is that the trying defect of stammering enunciation can be cured. It is a trial not only to the sufferers themselves, but to all with whom they come in contact. Mr. A. C. Schnelle, of 119, Bedford Court Mansions, W.C., has made a close study of the defect, and has invented a cure which has proved successful. He charges his pupils by result, and not by time taken to effect a cure, which is the best proof that his method is effectual. It is also morally good for the patients, who have to exert their own intelligence and powers of application.

One of the most interesting visits I have ever made was that the other day to Castle's Baltic Wharf at the foot of Vauxhall Bridge. It may be an odd idea for a Woman-About-Town to go to a ship-breaking yard. However, I do not propose to spend year in, year out, about town, and what I went there to see was the garden furniture made of the grand seasoned teak from old ships. There is none like it, it wears for many lifetimes—in fact, the firm's one objection to it is that it does wear practically for ever. There is sentiment, too, about taking one's ease on these wooden walls of



THE NEW GRANDE VITESSE TRUNK, WITH SEPARATE TRAYS, AT MESSRS. 'DREW AND SONS'.

Old England, useful to the last of their days in the peaceful gardens of the land they so long helped to keep her place as ruler of the waves. However, it is not only sentiment that recommends this furniture to the practical. The wood is well seasoned, beautiful in colour, and every piece is well and most cleverly made, with only wood at the top and all-brass screws underneath. The "Apollo" seat is delightful to look at and most comfortable to sit in; it is 6 ft. long, 3 ft. high at back, 19½ in. deep, and 15½ in. high. It adds a look of dignity to any garden; the name is, of course, that of the ship it once formed some of the timbers of. "Rover" chairs with three-cornered backs made so that they can be put together and form a small settee, or so as to make a sociable or used separately, are quite the latest idea. There are folding seats, tables, three-deckers, and two-deckers, all solid and full of the charm of really fine work and design. Then there is a garden edging which is always neat, tubs for shrubs, and gates to any design. The best timber only is used for the furniture; the

rest is cut up into the logs that we love to sit by when they burn brightly and smell delightfully in our grates at Christmas. What I loved were the relics of the grand old fighters of the past—for instance, a mantlepiece supported by the stern figures of the fighting *Temeraire*, broken by the firm in 1838, painted by Turner as she was being towed to her last berth for the purpose. The place teems with interest, not only to those who love the sea and ships, but to all who are proud of their country.

Now that we are within hail of the day of St. Grouse it behoves us to think of suits for the moors. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a Harris tweed suit, with leather strappings, suitable for motoring, shooting, or fishing. There is also an illustration of a pretty hat of fine straw, turned up at one side, with a cluster of ostrich-tips—a smart chapeau for Dieppe or Ostend.

An excellent idea, much favoured by Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus, W., is the method of packing dresses, etc., in separate trays. I have just inspected their "New Grande Vitesse" trunk. This is arranged with a series of trays, so that in travelling, dresses, etc., are easily got at; and as each dress is strapped in the trays referred to, they are protected from crushing and damage. At their show-rooms at Piccadilly Circus the firm have always on view many hundreds of trunks made of their patent wood-fibre, and covered both in leather and waterproof brown sailcloth. In these days of foreign imitations it is really refreshing to find an English firm who actually manufacture in London the goods they sell.

TAME SNAILS FOR YOUR OWN EATING.

A writer in "La Vie à la Campagne" gives various notes on the rearing of edible snails. "Perhaps," he writes, "you would like to establish a small enclosure of your own for edible snails, either for your personal use or for sale during winter, when they are snug within their shells. This is what is done by many Burgundians, who almost all have a small park in the corner of their garden, in which they keep the snails which they gather during the summer, particularly in August and September, for consumption or sale during the winter. Do not forget, above all, that the snail needs shade, freshness, and a sufficient space—about one square decimetre, on the average, per animal. If you wish merely to arrange a small snailery, be careful to choose a site where your snails will be naturally sheltered from the sun's rays when the latter are most scorching. For this purpose, if your garden is surrounded by high buildings, arrange your snailery at the foot of those built to the south, in order that it should stand in the shade thrown by those buildings during the hottest hours. Surround this snailery by fencing. Plant and sow inside such vegetables as offer shade to the snails. Jerusalem artichokes are particularly suited for this. Lettuces or cabbages might likewise be planted, and some green peas. Feed them abundantly—the more abundantly as you have fewer of them—and you will easily make this small park a success, and it will supply you in winter with a few succulent dishes. In a snailery of this kind the attention required is reduced to the minimum. If, however, you establish a considerable enclosure, do not forget that snails are greatly afraid of dryness and drought, which is their greatest enemy. Therefore, in August and September, when the dry weather lasts, be careful to protect them as far as possible from the action of heat. For this purpose, obtain large quantities of thick foliage, and cover the parks not planted with vegetables with this. If the drought lasts eight days, a fortnight, or even a month, you will not need to do anything more than shelter the snails. The snail does not eat during the whole of this time, and the sole concern of the cultivator must be to provide continuous shade. It is quite otherwise when it rains. You must then supply them with food as long as the rain lasts. The food most suited to them consists of cabbages, salads, and green peas in leaves—that is, having as yet no pods. The snail, in spite of his small size, is blessed with a good appetite, and each time a truckful of food is required for three hundred thousand snails. When the rain lasts too long and falls daily, you need only feed your snails every two days; one truckload per three hundred thousand."



THE HULL RACE CUP.

The beautiful sterling silver gilt ewer here illustrated stands thirty-five inches high, and is in the Italian Renaissance manner. It is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.

THE Bank still gets none or next to none of the gold which arrives from week to week, but money continues easy, and there is no sign of a rise in discounts.

The winding-up Judge has put a stop to the lavish advertising of premium bonds by the International Securities Company, which has attracted so much attention to this class of security, and the effect of which we know by our correspondence-basket has been very marked. In the course of the proceedings the connection of this concern with Feltham's Bank was made self-evident, and we hope will be taken to heart by those correspondents who have been asking us about the latter institution of late.

The Gaiety Theatre report for this year, while pleasing to the shareholders, once again shows the fluctuation to be expected in the entertainment business, on which we have so often insisted when asked about theatre and music-hall shares. This year the shareholders get 15 per cent., with a large amount written off and a big carry forward, while for the previous year they got nothing, and the whole of the reserve fund was absorbed by depreciation of theatrical stock. The record of the Company has, however, been a good one since its formation about 1896, and original shareholders must have averaged at least 17 per cent. per annum for the last twelve years.

THE HOME RAILWAY REPORTS.

They are a curious mixture, rather reminiscent of the brave, good man struggling with adversity caused by no fault of his own. Coal has been an expensive necessity, the cost of it eating into economies introduced in other directions. Falling-off in the trade of the country will no doubt be the main theme of the reports of the Heavy lines, whose documents have still to come. The other Companies have not laid great stress upon it. Between the lines of the reports may be seen the troubles which still exist in regard to labour. The demands of the men, spurred on by insatiable Trade Unions, grow ever more insistent. In the circumstances, however, the reports are not bad. Everybody knew, from the traffics and from the labour signs of the times, that the Home Railways were in for a bad half-year, and it is lucky that the lean period occurred in the first six months.

PROSPECTS.

For the outlook, if by no means brilliant, nevertheless presents points of cheerfulness with which stockholders may buoy their spirits. Capital expenditure will certainly be pared down to its narrowest limit, economy will become more and more the order of the day, reduction of senseless competition by means of further agreements, and a revival of the idea amongst railway managers that the property is run for the benefit of the proprietors quite as much as for that of the travelling public—these are some of the advantages which must follow in the train of the results achieved in the first half of 1908. Adversity may serve to re-energise Railway directors more than any amount of agitation can do.

AMERICANS.

Is the Yankee Market discounting its autumn boom already? It looks rather like it. The strength of prices is something remarkable, because even when the prices break, it is not for long. All very well to say that Unions pay 7 per cent. on the money, Southern Pacifics 6½, and Steel Common 8 per cent. Are the dividends earned? Nobody can tell. Trade reports from the other side do not bear out the rosy pictures suggested by these dividend announcements. If lines like the New York Central and Louisville and Nashville have to reduce their distributions, it is singular that the others can maintain their rates with such apparent ease. We heartily mistrust the situation; but, for all that, the market manipulators have matters so much in their own hands that they can do exactly what pleases them. And at present they appear to stick to the intention of keeping the market on the up-grade.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Writing ahead of the holiday, one thinks how readily one would give his all, and a bit more, to know how certain prices will open on August the Fourth. Could one forecast with unerring certainty the price of Unions, let us say, gone would be the necessity for troubling about expenses for the rest of the year. The probabilities are that between the closing price on Friday night, and the opening price on Tuesday morning there will be, at all events, a couple of dollars difference, one way or the other. On ten thousand shares a two-point movement means £4000, which—However, what's the good of speculating in theory, when whatever one does in practice usually goes awry? (I know that some kindly critic will say you can't deal in ten thousand Unions without upsetting things a bit; but my critic need only spread his shares over one or two other selections, and the trick would be as easy as falling off a shelf.) It is a marvel that many House men, doing literally nothing all day, do not plunge more heavily. It says, I fancy, much for the honourable traditions of the House, because when business is such that a man may go for a whole week without earning six-and-threepence, the pressure of hunger for the wherewithal to buy bread-and-butter is enough to drive him into a neck-or-nothing gamble with other people's money unless the principles which he has imbibed as a member of his institution are very high.

By the way, forgive a funny little story that may not be stale to a few readers. A venerable broker in his young days was wont to find much time upon his hands, and when business was more than ordinarily slack, he would spend a good part of the day in the Stock Exchange Reading-Room. Here he found himself noticed by older members, and one day a white-bearded father came up and asked him, somewhat rudely, "Look here, young man, are you a member of this institution?"

The youthful broker nodded, and, with an air of great secrecy, pulled down the older man's ear as he whispered in the most confidential manner, "Yes, I am a member; but pray on no account mention it outside, because my people are very respectable!" After which, the story concludes, he was molested no further.

Variegated views prevail as to the outlook for Consols. I fail to find much bullishness about; the opinion seems to be, not so much that Consols are dear, but that the absence of public buying leads to sagging and lack of spring in the price. Nevertheless, it only needs the Government broker to come and show himself a buyer for Consols to advance with a run. The Indian troubles, I am told, have been grossly exaggerated, and the miserable mistake made over the last issue of Irish Land stock is already being forgotten. Consols will go ex at the September account, and the tendency generally is for the price to tighten up as the interest payments draw near. There may be life in the old stock yet.

Where the authorities went wrong over the Irish issue was cutting out all the applications below £2000. Allowing that a large number of small applicants were only stags, it must be taken for granted that there were many, very many, genuine investors amongst the subscribers. Had they gone for £400, say, and got £100, they might quite probably have bought a bit more; anyway, generous treatment to the smaller people would have popularised Irish Land stock in a way that nothing else could. Instead, the small man found his money returned, and, likely enough, he says he will apply for no more stock when fortune is made to favour only the big folks. And who were they? Stags. Scores of them. Foreign banks, a good many of them, who sold between the 1½ and 1 premium, landing the market with a ton of indigestible gilt-edged stock at the very time when it wasn't wanted. (Maybe, you think I applied "small" myself, and am accordingly annoyed. I was away, my friendly critic, when the prospectus came out, and heard nothing about it until a week later. So guess again.) There can be no doubt that whoever was responsible for the method of allotment made a great mistake, a mistake for which the Consol Market and the price of the stock have had to pay.

Last spring, the coming of the Franco-British Exhibition was made the very legitimate excuse for running up prices of several stocks that were expected to reap much benefit from the Entente Cordiale show. Central London, Dover and Brighton "A," London General Omnibus, and a few other similar stocks went up with a run, on prospects. Of course the usual sequel followed, accelerated by the fiasco which attended the opening of the unprepared Exhibition. Prices have all come down again, but now, perhaps, there is more scope for improvement. The Exhibition has already shown itself a very magnet to draw huge crowds, and the takings of the Undergrounds and the omnibus companies testify emphatically enough to the attractions of the wonderful show. Central London, however, are impervious to the steady increase in the traffics. Metropolitan and Districts have firmed up a little, but Central Londons remain dull. Unfortunately there is such a narrow market for the stocks that one hesitates to suggest a purchase. Yet to take up, the Ordinary Stock at 70 looks as though it might readily put on five to ten points, and indeed I think it will, as the autumn and the traffics advance. In such markets as we "enjoy" to-day, it is a disheartening affair to advise the purchase of anything at all, but the counsel is kindly meant, dear my critic. "The lobster is not so black as he's painted," the crab gasped as they fell into the same boiling water, and a tipster may be right sometimes, even when it's THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Friday, July 31, 1908.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RAGAS.—Nobody could call the debentures a safe investment. We should say they were a fair speculative purchase, but nothing in these Central American States can be called safe. We would rather hold *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Pref. shares or River Plate Gas Ordinary shares.

E. A. H.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule V. We despair of the Dunderland concern. You are under no more liability, but unless the Company can raise the extra money required the whole concern will come to an untimely end. If you can afford the risk, the best thing is to sit still and do nothing; but if the money is of great importance, sell for what you can get.

A. H. I.—Your letter was answered on the 30th ult.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday, they have to go to press early, and must ask our correspondents for indulgence if they are not answered this week.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

A busy week's racing introduces us to the new Hull Meeting, where the chief event is the Hull Handicap of 1000 sovs. It should be won by Fallen Angel. Other races at the meeting may go thus: Hedon Plate, Zemski Sobor; Lambton Plate, Crash; Londesborough Handicap, Tit-for-Tat; Tranby Handicap, Perseverance II.; Beverley Plate, Agglethorpe. At Brighton, Queen Julia may win the Sussex Plate, MacMurrough the Berwick Welter, Llangwm the Brighton Cup, Tetrastini the Rottingdean Plate, Passing By the High-Weight Handicap, and Lantana the Cliftonville Plate. At Lewes I fancy the following: De Warrenne Handicap, Opal; Astley Stakes, Syce; Lewes Handicap, Gretchen's Pet; Priory Stakes, Lantana. The Valet may win the August Handicap at Haydock Park, and Wilkins Micawber the Holiday Handicap.

RODIN'S "ROME OF THE NORTH."

(See Illustrations on Page 120.)

WHEN Libussa, daughter of King Crocus, "a wonderful woman among women," prophesied the coming of the City of the Hundred Towers, she saw before her, pin-nacled and domed, grey and green, silver and rose, blue and gold, a town whose glory should reach the stars, and the Bohemian still sees this city born of a dream, "as a man sees the woman he loves, with her first beauty, and he loves it as a man loves a woman, more for what she has suffered." He has reason for his passion, for the fairness of his mistress is ever-evident, ever-changing, ever-lasting; in all her moods there is charm, in her frown, her smile, her laugh. Those who are intimate with her well understand the power of the spell she weaves, themselves are subject to it.

It were worth while visiting her to look up to the heights about the cathedral and the castle, and to look down from those heights upon the city, but she has more than that to offer. To detail her attractions were but to make a column catalogue, and remain unsatisfied. Content must come with the briefest mention of those we record pictorially.

First, then, is the great bridge of Prague, the Mecca of many pilgrims, who come to it to pray to the patron saint of their country, St. John Nepomuk, who, so says tradition, was flung from it into the river, there floated for many days with five stars shining about his head, and so, having caught the conscience of the King, was buried in the Cathedral of St. Vitus; and, perhaps, to gaze at the many statues that have place on the buttresses, to wonder at the Hebrew inscription on the crucifix, set up with moneys wrung from a Jew who had reviled the Cross and was made to pay for his temerity.

Close by, facing the square in which seven-and-twenty leaders of the Protestant party were executed after the fateful battle of the White Hill, is the Tyn Church, unique as to the shape of its Gothic steeples, the burial-place of Tycho Brahe, and the old stronghold of the Hussites. Across the way stands the Town Hall, the oldest part of which goes back to the middle of the fourteenth century, with that wonderful clock made by Master Hanus, so cunningly contrived that with every hour figures of Christ and the Apostles appear at a little window above it.

Then there is the Powder Tower, so called because it once served as a magazine, now innocent of explosives, a standing monument to the ability of fifteenth-century architects and a nineteenth-century restorer. And, at some distance, perhaps the most interesting "sights" of all—the old synagogue and the Jewish burial-ground. Round the synagogue in particular are woven many

legends. It was founded, you will learn, by the first fugitives from Jerusalem after its destruction; and "popular tradition, always given to exaggeration, indeed affirms," writes Count Lützow, "that Jews first settled at Prague—or rather, at Buiarnum—which stood on the spot where Libussa afterwards founded Prague, before the beginning of the Christian era, and, being therefore guiltless of all participation in the Crucifixion, they had fared better in Prague in mediæval times than in most other cities." In the burial-ground, long since disused, lie the famous Rabbi Jehuda ben Bezulel Loew, scientist and reputed sorcerer; Aaron Spisa; Bas-Schevi of Traunberg, the first Jewish noblewoman in Bohemia; the Rabbi Abigdor Caro, and the Rabbi Oppenheim, whose library is at Oxford; with many others, all equal in the House of Life.

These be but few of the interests of Prague—a few that may act as introduction to the many. Much more is there that must be seen: many palaces, many churches, many monuments, views valued for their beauty and their associations—sacred Hradcany, majestic Vysehrad, the heights of Vinohrady and the mount of Zizkov, the slopes of Vysocan and Prosek, Petrin, the splendid monastery of Strahov, the Imperial Palace. Especially notable is the Cathedral, founded by Prince Wenceslas, who himself was canonised, that fit resting-place might be provided for the arm of St. Vitus, given to him by the German King, Henry I. To the first building erected upon its site the body of Wenceslas himself was taken, four years after he had been murdered by his brother, and in the present building the Chapel of St. Wenceslas is a prominent feature. Vying with it in interest are the Shrine of St. John Nepomuk, which is said to be made of a ton and a half of silver, the tomb of St. Vitus, and the monument of the Kings, which marks the hereditary resting-place of the Bohemian monarchs.

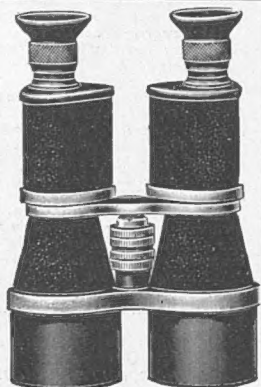
To these recognised "sights," that have existed throughout the centuries, must be added those that have had their beginning within the memory of man. The halo of romance is not about them, the historian has not yet written of them, but they mark the progress of a people who believe that to stand still is to perish, and are determined and content to be known by their works. Some of them are merely utilitarian, some are both useful and ornamental, several are notable. But three need be mentioned here—the Rudolphinum, the scene of Dvorak's and Sevcik's activity, and of numerous exhibitions of pictures, the museum, and the splendid National Theatre, which, aided by the State, is doing much to encourage the arts of the stage—three that serve as index to the method of the Czech and show him a modern of the moderns as well as a reverencer of the past.

For the rest, let it be urged again that the attractions of Prague are manifold, obvious, and insistent. That they are not better known to the people of this country is remarkable and regrettable. Remedy the matter.

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